



LOOKING FORWARD

▷▷ IN THIS ISSUE is recorded the passing of the New York *World*, for nearly fifty years one of America's greatest newspapers and for a large part of that time one of the greatest forces for good, in organizing public opinion, ever created by man. The reason for its demise and the effect its passing will have upon American journalism—and therefore upon public opinion—are set forth both in the article by Mr. Beazell, long intimately connected with the paper, and in our own editorial upon the subject.

▷▷ ALMOST coincidentally with news of *The World's* passing in New York, came the news of the reelection in Chicago, by an excellent plurality, of Big Bill Thompson, probably the equal of any or all of the unsavory weeds ever produced by our democracy—Tom Heflin not excepted.

▷▷ THESE ARE twin facts which at first sight do not appear to be in any way connected. But they are facts which Americans who love their country will do well to tie together in their thinking. In our greatest city, the only genuinely independent and utterly fearless crusader for the public interest fails—a fact which no amount of confidence in its purchasers can obscure, nor any amount of explanation of the various factors involved quite blot out. At the same time, in our second greatest city, Chicago, the most blatant exploiter of the public interest succeeds again, after twelve years already spent in office. Is this what the public wants?

▷▷ SINCE Jefferson's day critics of our commercial democracy have contended that the ultimate outcome of such a form of society would inevitably be the triumph of its lowest common denominator. In the publishing world the prediction has been freely made that the future belongs to ever cheaper and cheaper mass publications designed not to serve any principle, but merely to reach the crowd.

▷▷ IN POLITICS, likewise, the contention has been that all our extensions of the suffrage, accompanied as they have been by the removal of the original checks and balances of representative government—such as the direct primary and the direct election of senators—will inevitably lead to the rise to power of the charlatan and the demagog unscrupulous enough to use money, and able to appeal most successfully to the lowest type of voter.

▷▷ THE CONJUNCTION in one week of two such dramatic illustrations of the theory is—like the life of W. S. Gilbert's policeman—not a happy one. Americans who have stoutly resisted all such dire predictions will find little comfort in either event.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

OUTLOOK

and Independent

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Next Week in the Outlook

The Capitol Follies—71st Edition. By a Washington Correspondent.

The Seventy-first Congress is dead; the show is over. In this article are comic and tragic stories, many hitherto unpublished, of incidents and events in the Congressional amphitheatre.

Excess Prophets. By Paul W. White.

Some of the public utterances of prominent men, made during the Great Bull Market—viewed in the cold light of the morning after.

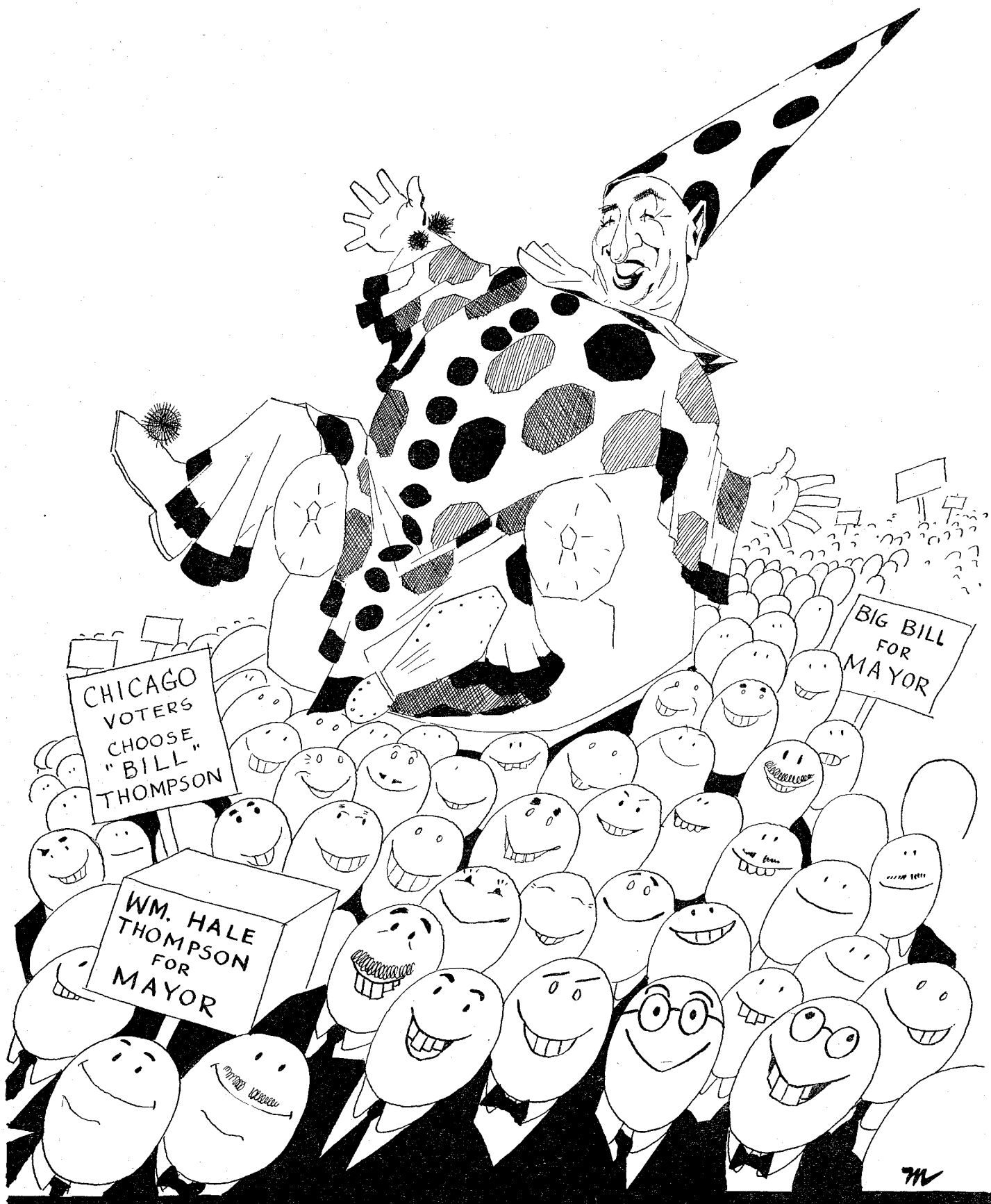
Testimonials, C.O.D. By Alva Johnston.

The first article in a facetious and vivid series on the now declining business of buying commendation of nationally advertised articles, from nationally and internationally known men and women.

Ward Bosses of Fascism. By George Raffalovich.

An inside view of Mussolini's political machine by an authority on Fascism.

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A DEMOCRACY IN FULL FLOWER

OUTLOOK

and Independent

March 11, 1931

►► The Trend of the Week ◀◀

►► *Big Bill's Victory*

FOR the fourth time William Hale Thompson has won the Republican nomination for Mayor of Chicago. To be sure, he failed to secure a clear majority over Municipal Judge Lyle and Alderman Albert. The fact remains that he won decisively, by a plurality of 70,000 votes, and that nearly 300,000 Chicagoans cast their ballots for him. Probably he would have won if he had had but one opponent, instead of two. Probably he will defeat the Democratic candidate, Anton J. Cermak, in the election on April 7. Chicago, which, incredibly enough, has kept Big Bill in office twelve years, has apparently decided to keep him four years more.

Had you assumed that Thompson's latest and lamest campaign would disgust Chicago's voters? Well, it didn't. Most of them found no fault with his clownish campaign stunts, with his preposterous speeches avoiding the principal issues—Chicago's empty coffers and its alliance of police, politicians and criminals—or with the names he called his opponents. All this, and all the wretched rest of it, were solemnly approved by numbers of Chicago voters in the primary of February 24.

Which makes it plain that there is something wrong with numbers of Chicago voters. There is no use dodging the meaning of Thompson's victory. It shows all too plainly that democracy in that large city, as in some others, is breaking down. It shows that hosts of Chicagoans are incapable of using their votes intelligently or even sensibly. Hence, it strikes us that, except by accident, Chicago will not get rid of Thompson or his equivalent until it has lifted the intellectual level of its electorate, either eventually by education, or, more immediately, by limiting the franchise through stiff literacy tests for would-be voters, or by some other method. We do not profess to know off-

hand exactly what should be done. We do know that a citizen who votes for four more years of Thompsonism has no business voting at all.

►► *Madame Queen Speaks*

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, February 25, shortly after seven o'clock, the well-known see-your-dentist-twice-a-year hour, something happened. The breach of promise suit between Andy and Madame Queen was getting under way and it was necessary for the plaintiff to testify. The lady took the stand. For the first time in Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts a woman's voice came over the air. The nation gasped. A precedent broke into pieces.

With the first notes of the closing bars of the theme song, members of American families faced one another. Was it a woman, or was it one of the boys impersonating a woman? Didn't sound so much like a woman; might have been Amos. Couldn't have been Amos; sounded exactly like a woman. Maybe they're going to have a woman in their broadcasts now. Maybe Ruby Taylor and Whatshername, Andy's new girl, will talk now. No, the boys can handle all the parts, all right. They can talk any way they want to.

It is a point of pride with the radio public that either Amos or Andy changes his voice to represent each new character appearing in the sketches. It had also been a point of pride that the action had been so ingeniously handled that none of the women characters was directly introduced. These facts demonstrated admirable versatility. Furthermore, no one wants to adjust himself to a real Kingfish, a real Lightnin', a real Brother Crawford and so on. Especially was it a shock to have to visualize a real woman standing in the broadcasting studio. Fortunately the matter was settled satisfactorily by the next morning's papers. There is no woman. Amos

took the part of Madame Queen. Everything is all right.

►► *Franco-Italian Accord*

HITHERTO, in view of its so-called safeguarding or escalator clause, the London naval agreement could be called an arms-limitation treaty only by courtesy. In effect this clause declares that, if France or Italy builds more fighting ships, Britain, Japan and the United States may build more too. The clause was written to satisfy the British, who demand a fleet as strong as the French and Italian fleets together.

All during the past year there has been a danger that rivalry between France and Italy would lead them into a naval race, with consequent building by Britain, Japan and the United States and with the sky the limit. Hence, wishing to avoid this danger, the last three powers, Britain particularly, have sought to induce France and Italy to change their minds and adhere to the treaty which they refused to sign on April 22, 1930. Of recent months the negotiations have been directed chiefly by Robert L. Craigie of the British Foreign Office. Then, on February 23, Foreign Minister Henderson took a hand, set out for Paris with several assistants, where he conferred with Foreign Minister Briand, and then went on to Rome, where he talked with Premier Mussolini.

Press dispatches from Europe declare that the conferences have been successful. It is said that France and Italy have settled their differences and that both will soon adhere to the London naval treaty, which is extremely good news.

The accord, it is said, is based on the plan of a naval holiday, with Italy and France building at about equal speed during the next five years for replacement purposes, but with neither constructing new ships. This would mean

keeping their naval armaments about where they are now. So that, while the London agreement still could not be called an arms-reduction treaty, it could at last be correctly called an arms-limitation treaty, since the possibility of French and Italian building which would bring the safeguarding clause into play would vanish. With France and Italy adhering, the London treaty would remove the danger of competitive naval building, lessen the enmity between France and Italy and eliminate the prospect of huge expenditures for fighting ships by the five great sea powers.

The fundamental reason for the accord is undoubtedly economic. Italy and France have been persuaded to agree, and Britain has been spurred to bring them together, by the world-wide business depression, which has made all three loath to spend their scanty revenues on costly instruments of war. The accord is the silver lining in the cloud of hard times.

➤➤ *Thomas in Arabia*

SCORES OF EXPLORERS had dreamed of crossing the unexplored desert of Ruba'el Khali. Bertram Thomas, who recently completed the journey from Dhofar on the South Arabian Coast to Dohar on the Persian Gulf, had himself spent years preparing for the trip. Yet the world at large did not know that he had started until he had finished. There was no flourish of elaborate organization, no farewell party, no dropping of flags, no publicity, no appealing to the public for money. Nor did the journey end in the arms of a reception committee. Thomas moved with dispatch, covering the 900 miles on camels, marching forty-five days and halting thirteen, averaging eight hours a day in the saddle, progressively reducing his force as he left the menace of Hadramaut raiders behind, finally pulling up at Dohar with an escort of eighteen camels and thirteen Arabs.

The trip lost none of its simple dignity when Thomas set out to describe it for the *New York Times*. Quietly and briefly, he disclosed what had been hidden—"singing sands, a deep sustained booming caused by wind action among the sand cliffs, resembling the notes of a ship's siren . . . a veritable subsurface lake so brackish in parts, however, that it was undrinkable by man and sometimes even by camels . . . numerous deeply cut caravan tracks in

patches of the steppe running across our path, evidence of centuries of usage in bygone times. The Bedouins call it the road to Uhar, their legendary city of the prehistoric Addites."

Thus, what no white man had done and what he himself took years to do, Thomas tells in a single dispatch of a few hundred words. There is a clue to all this in his last sentence: "The expedition enabled the mapping of names and locations of sands and wells, and the collecting of geological and other



Herbert Photos

PEACEMAKER

Arthur Henderson, Foreign Minister in British Labor government

natural history specimens and of meteorological data." Thomas is a scientific explorer who does not ballyhoo the fact. Would there were more like him!

➤➤ *Smith at Raleigh*

WHEN GOVERNOR SMITH passed through North Carolina during the campaign of 1928 he was greeted by a state quite different from that which hailed him on his recent trip to Raleigh. In 1928 he was probably the most unpopular prominent Democrat ever to visit North Carolina, election day showing that he could not carry a state so entrenched in old Democratic traditions that it still

spoke of Republicans as "Radicals." Hence Mr. Smith might have been a little dubious over the invitation to address North Carolina's General Assembly on March 1, even though it had termed him "the most beloved Democrat," even though his heart had certainly warmed to North Carolina Democrats last summer when they defeated their veteran Senator Simmons for leading the anti-Smith forces in 1928.

The reception given Mr. Smith at Raleigh showed that North Carolina is now genuinely interested in him. In order that he might be heard by more persons than could be jammed into the old Doric Capitol, the General Assembly met in formal session in a theatre. Moreover, with thousands of Tarheels seeking admittance and some offering as much as \$10 apiece for seats, Raleigh roped off a space in front of the theatre and set up amplifiers—but a few blocks from the spot where the unrepentantly dry Josephus Daniels edits his Democratic newspaper.

As all these things suggest, but as the country in general does not realize, North Carolina is actually ashamed of itself for voting against Mr. Smith in 1928. It was more than idle curiosity that dictated the questioning of Mr. Smith as to whether he would be a candidate for President next year (to which he, interestingly noncommittal, replied that "to answer that question would be like trying to cross a bridge seventeen miles before you get to it"). Indeed, it is a common saying in North Carolina today that the state would support Mr. Smith if he ran again. Most North Carolina Democrats who bolted his candidacy in 1928 have already stopped talking about it. Some have even denied it. Others are calling themselves fools in public. North Carolina has repented, though one suspects that, in the terminology of Southern Methodism, it could easily fall from grace again if pushed by the Klux campaigns which would doubtless follow another Smith nomination.

➤➤ *Cowed Congress*

LAST WEEK we began the story of how effectively an organized minority can bulldoze our national legislature. This week we complete it.

Last week we pointed out that, though only about 3,500,000 veterans hold adjusted-compensation certificates, Congress, fearful of defeat at the polls, had jumped when they cracked the whip

much as if they comprised an overwhelming majority of our 120,000,000 inhabitants. On February 16, the House, by the one-sided vote of 363 to 39, disregarded all expert advice and in just about an hour passed a bill proposing to loan all veterans fifty per cent of their certificates' face value. Three days later the Senate, after five hours of languid debate, also approved this bill, by a vote of 72 to 12.

President Hoover, we believe, should have killed the bill with a pocket veto, and then taken his case before the country, which undoubtedly would have sustained him. However, he did not. On February 26, he returned the bill with a veto message, which Congress contemptuously disregarded. Forty-three minutes after hearing the message, the House overrode the veto by a vote of 328 to 79. Next day the Senate, after three hours of debate, did likewise, by a vote of 76 to 17. All told, then, Congress gave but ten hours of consideration to this measure under which the government will be obliged to shovel out cash to the veterans to the estimated amount of one billion dollars.

It is assumed that but a small proportion of those who borrow on their certificates will pay either interest or principal. What the bonus measure is, therefore, is a plan to pay the average

cash for needy veterans. All proposals to limit the loans to the needy were decisively defeated in Congress. Nor should any one set much store by the voluntary effort of some veterans to discourage others from securing loans which they do not need. Should this effort succeed, only about ten per cent of the veterans would apply for loans and the drain on the treasury would be but \$100,000,000. But that is too much to hope for.

With veterans thronging the Capitol's corridors and galleries, Congress has simply yielded to this organized minority as it has yielded to many another. To a large extent, such minorities now run the government.

►► Dry Who Became Wet

"I VOTED FOR PROHIBITION in my own state and have supported the national law," Colonel Henry W. Anderson of Richmond, Virginia, reminded his audience in his February 25 address at New York. His speech had been eagerly awaited, first, because he was an outstanding member of the Wickersham commission who submitted a proposal based on the Swedish plan for government regulation of the liquor traffic and espoused the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment which the commission obviously favored though it did not directly advocate; secondly, because he was known to have been a dry who, after years as Republican leader of a dry state, had completely changed his mind on prohibition after open-minded investigation.

Though by no means novel, Colonel Anderson's indictment of prohibition in his New York address was forceful and directly to the point. Prohibition, he said, has failed. Since 1922 there has been an upward trend in drinking, in arrests for drunkenness, in deaths from alcoholism and in other evils. "At the present time drinking seems to be general and increasing in substantially all parts of the country and among all classes of the population." Moreover, for the first time in history, organized crime is adequately financed, with the annual revenues from liquor most conservatively estimated at about \$2,850,000,000. "These revenues," Colonel Anderson pointed out, "are not only used to carry on this business in defiance of the government, but for the organization of other kinds of criminal activity, such as the opium traffic, the white slave traffic and racketeering of various kinds

which are sources of additional revenue to the criminal element and of danger to social order." Again, prohibition "has



Acme

SOUTHERN WET

Henry W. Anderson, of Virginia, prominent member of Wickersham Board

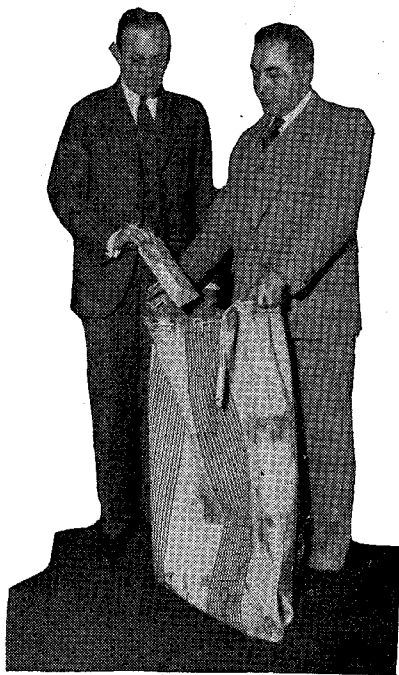
already led to widespread and notorious corruption in the public service."

Colonel Anderson opposed a further trial of national prohibition. "The fundamental causes for the failure of this law [such as the enormous profits of bootlegging and the general antagonism of 'the great body of the people of the United States'] are all beyond the control of government," he explained. "So long as these conditions exist—and there appears to be no way by which they can be remedied—there is little ground for hope that the Eighteenth Amendment or the national prohibition act will be observed or that they can be effectively enforced."

Coming from Colonel Anderson, with his prestige, his sincere desire for temperance and his record as a dry, this indictment carries great weight. It will doubtless make new friends for the anti-prohibition cause among intelligent dries who have been growing ever more dubious of the present experiment during the last decade and now need but little persuasion to convert them into militant wets like Colonel Anderson himself.

►► "Anti-Norris Conspiracy"

"CHARGEABLE with the willful violation of the corrupt practices act." This phrase in the report of the Senate Campaign Funds Investigating Committee is the strongest that has been tossed at Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, since it was learned last December that



Acme

IN THE BAG

Director Ijams and J. V. Byrne of Veterans' Bureau mailing first of bonus checks

veteran \$500 in cash instead of the \$1,000 which he would normally receive in 1945. This is not a plan to provide

he had financed a surreptitious campaign against Senator Norris of Nebraska.

Under the heading, "The Anti-Norris Conspiracy," the report frankly acknowledges that "because of the cunning with which every step was carried out and the willful perjury of witnesses, two of whom are already under federal indictments, the committee has been unable to unravel all the threads in the complex plot." In any case, the actions of Mr. Lucas had been sufficiently flood-lighted long before the report was issued. In a few words, Mr. Lucas stabbed Senator Norris in the back after the Supreme Court had frustrated the well-remembered Broken Bow trickery of last June. It will be recalled that this attempt to force Senator Norris from the Republican primaries led to the indictment of George W. Norris, the Broken Bow grocer, and Victor Seymour, manager of the western headquarters of the Republican Senatorial Committee. Mr. Lucas' conduct was the most serious part of the anti-Norris campaign which, says the report, has been "characterized by the common features of concealment of funds, employment of fictitious names and elaborate precautions to prevent either the actors or the sources of the funds from being publicly disclosed."

Lucas has met the report with the statement that he filed his campaign expenditures within the time prescribed by the corrupt practices act. But no one has explained why Lucas should remain as executive director of the Republican National Committee after secretly shipping low campaign literature into Nebraska to defeat the official senatorial nominee of the Republican party. Whatever the results of the report to the Senate, it is high time President Hoover got rid of Lucas. In fact, unless Mr. Lucas is removed, the country will inevitably conclude that Mr. Hoover himself sanctions his subordinate's conduct.

►► American Architect

IT IS TIME America realized that in Frank Lloyd Wright it has a great and individual architect and gave him an important job to do. Long since acclaimed in Europe, Wright has only recently been recognized by his American contemporaries. Just now he is giving a series of lectures in New York, where his friends have formally protested against the omission of his name from the committee of architects designing the

forthcoming Chicago World's Fair.

Wright does not think very highly of the Chicago fair buildings as they are planned. An attempt is being made, he says, to sell the American public, as modern architecture, architecture which is not genuinely modern. Pseudo-classical architecture washed behind the ears, he calls it; pretty cardboard pictures of ancient wall masses. He dislikes the skyscraper, too, as it has been developed in New York and Chicago. He describes it as "a commercial expedient glorified falsely in the name of monumental mass."

Back in the nineties Wright was working in Chicago with Louis H. Sullivan,



Underwood & Underwood

MASTER BUILDER

Frank Lloyd Wright, world-recognized American architect

generally credited with having built the first skyscraper. Through the Middle West are many examples of Wright's admirable prairie architecture, most of them private homes. Now he has ideas for buildings made entirely of metal and glass, "metalesque and characteristic of our industrial fabric."

As far as the Chicago fair is concerned, however, it is too late to include him. The plans are made, and, whether they are good or bad, Wright's ideas would probably be out of place among them. Moreover, he is eccentric, an individualist, and does not work comfortably in the harness of committees. But he designs buildings which sink beautifully into their surroundings and which, while structurally sound, have genuine originality of spirit. What a World's Fair he could create! If there must be World's Fairs, surely Wright must be given the next one.

►► A Hard-Times Session

DOUBTLESS there were optimists who, when the short session of the Seventy-First Congress convened last December, expected it to devise intelligent ways and effective means of pulling the country out of the worst business depression it has known in years. If so, they have been disappointed. To run over the high points of the session which ended on Wednesday, March 4, is to discover very little having to do with the direct, immediate improvement of business.

Much of the work of Congress bore no relation to the business depression at all. Thus the Senate confirmed a number of appointments, started some minor investigations and adopted a resolution calling for testimony presented before the Wickersham commission. Thus the regular supply bills were passed, as well as the Stobbs bill fixing the maximum penalty for manufacturing, selling or transporting a gallon of liquor or less and the bill authorizing government operation of the power plants at Muscle Shoals.

More closely connected with the business emergency—yet not very closely, at that—were the Senate resolution asking President Hoover to call a world conference on the silver problem and the two Wagner bills, one providing for a nation-wide system of employment agencies, the other creating the authority and organization for a federal public works program to be planned years in advance and instituted whenever industry slows down. These measures may help to prevent or mitigate future depressions, but they will not help us much in the near future.

In fact, the current depression was touched by only four outstanding acts of Congress—the authorization of a 150-million-dollar expenditure for the Farm Board, the appropriation of 116 millions to accelerate federal construction projects and of 65 millions to be loaned to drought-stricken farmers who can provide security and the enactment of a law enabling World War veterans to borrow fifty per cent of the face value of their adjusted-compensation certificates. There are a good many millions involved in these four acts, but we doubt that any one expects them to have any very pronounced effect on the recovery of business. Truth is, though Congress is obviously capable of helping or hurting business to a very large extent, it rarely does either. Most of the fears that Congress will injure business are

idle. Most of the hopes that it will revitalize business, even in hard times like the present, are equally idle. The effect of government on business in the United States can very easily be over-emphasized.

►► Judge Clark Overruled

No ONE was surprised when, on February 24, the United States Supreme Court unanimously reversed Judge Clark's ruling that the Eighteenth Amendment is invalid because it was ratified by state legislatures rather than by state conventions. The hollowness of the Clark decision was evident to any one who read Article 5 of the Constitution, reciting that an amendment shall be valid "when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, *as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress.*"

As Associate Justice Roberts noted in his opinion, the Supreme Court in effect was requested to "hold that Article 5 means something different from what it plainly says." The request—i. e., the conclusion that the convention mode of ratification was mandatory in the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment—was based upon two arguments, those of the New York lawyers who went before Judge Clark in the United States District Court at Newark and those of Judge Clark himself. Briefly, the lawyers argued that Article 5 had been so modified by the Tenth Amendment as to make the convention mode of ratification mandatory whenever an amendment (such as the Eighteenth) confers added power on the federal government. Though rejecting this joint construction of the article and the amendment as "too strained to be permissible," Judge Clark reached the same conclusion by an even more dubious route. The convention mode of ratification, he said, was demanded by the best political thought. To cap the climax in this comedy of errors, the lawyers rejected his argument and resubmitted their own to the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court rejected both arguments. "Article 5," it said, "is clear in statement and meaning, contains no ambiguity and calls for no resort to rules of construction." Where the intention is clear, "there is no room for construction and no excuse for interpolation or addition." The statement rings true. In the end it would have been

more harmful than helpful to the country had the court created a dangerous precedent by ruling that the Constitution need not be taken to mean what it incontestably does mean.

►► Lessons of the Case

"EVEN IF THIS OPINION meets with a cold reception in the appellate courts," wrote Judge Clark in his decision made public on December 16, "we hope that it will at least have the effect of focusing the country's thought upon the neglected method of considering constitutional amendments in conventions." In setting up shop as an attention-caller and opinion-moulder, the Judge stepped out of proper judicial bounds. Yet he is undoubtedly right in contending that a



Wide World

OVERRULED

Judge William Clark, whose opinion on prohibition was reversed by Supreme Court

state convention, either because of directly instructed or abler delegates, is a better vehicle than a state legislature for the expression of public opinion on proposed amendments to the Constitution. Hereafter, it would be well for Congress to propose the convention method of ratification whenever it submits to the states an amendment extending the power—as distinguished from one changing the machinery—of the federal government.

But the short shrift given Judge Clark's decision in the Supreme Court focused attention less on the convention method of ratification than on the firmness with which the Eighteenth Amendment is nailed to the Constitution. As Julius Henry Cohen, one of the lawyers who sought Judge Clark's ruling, remarked on reading the Supreme Court's opinion, "there appears to be no other means of getting rid of the amendment through the courts." The unhappy prohibition experiment cannot be termin-

ated by any trick, however ingenious. The Eighteenth Amendment will stand until eliminated by sober public opinion. It will stand until public opinion is aroused to the point of removing it, and particularly until wet voters vote wet.

►► Communist on Trial

APPARENTLY there is no room in the American Communist's makeup for a sense of humor. Otherwise the Communist trial which took place in New York City recently could hardly have been staged with a straight face. The culprit was one August Yokinen, Finnish janitor of the Finnish Workers' Educational Club. It seemed that three Negro workers attending a dance at the Finnish club had been snootily received and barely escaped being ejected. Comrade Yokinen's crime was "white chauvinism," or failure to uphold the Communist principle of race equality on that occasion.

With many a citation from Lenin and many an impassioned plea for race brotherhood and the International forever, before a jury of seven Negroes and seven white persons, the trial was brought to a triumphant conclusion. Yokinen was permanently expelled from the party. "Permanently" developed into "permanently, unless—" Yokinen may again wear his sickle and hammer emblem and warm himself in the Communist sun if, to the satisfaction of the rest of the workers, he perform five tasks. He must destroy white chauvinistic tendencies in the Finnish Workers' Club; carry on there a persistent struggle for the admittance and full acceptance of Negro workers; join the League of Struggle for Negro Rights and sell an adequate number of copies of the league's organ, *The Liberator*; lead a demonstration against a certain Harlem restaurant which bars Negroes and take a leading part in all activities aimed at abolishing discrimination of any sort against Negroes.

Yokinen, unfortunately, understands no English, so the fire and frenzy of his trial went more or less over his head. He sat humbly and penitently by, acknowledging his guilt. When his verdict and his required deeds were explained to him, he nodded solemnly. "I will do it," he said. "I did wrong at the club."

May Lenin strengthen his arm, and may the workers polish up his emblem brightly when he has again earned the right to wear it. But, Comrade Yokinen, it looks like a long trip for a light load.

►► Defeated Again

FOR THE BETTER PART of a decade Senator Norris has been hammering away for an amendment to the Constitution to eliminate lame-duck sessions of Congress convening in December of each even-numbered year, a month after a new Congress is elected but a year before it convenes. During this decade a resolution providing for the constitutional amendment has been approved several times by the Senate only to be defeated in the House.

The late session of Congress ran true to form. Adopted by the Senate, the Norris resolution stipulated that the new Congress should convene on January 4 following its election in November, that the President should be inaugurated about two weeks later and that Congress should meet for its second session the following January. For this resolution the House substituted another, amended on motion of Speaker Longworth so as to limit the second session to four months. Whether or not the Longworth clause was intended to

resolution must be attributed to something more fundamental than the conflict over the Longworth clause. The movement against lame-duck sessions has always appeared sound to the country at large. It is generally realized that the amendment would remove the irresponsible influence of lame-duck Congressmen and bring newly elected members into their seats so quickly that elections would tend to be genuine referendums. Yet time and time again the Norris resolution has failed in Congress. And for an obvious reason. No powerful lobby representing a strong organization has stood behind the amendment, offering to support Congressmen who voted for it, threatening to defeat those who voted against it. Were the amendment sponsored by the Anti-Saloon League, say, or the American Legion, that would be different. Actually, it has never been opposed by any great body of opinion, but neither has it ever been advocated by any influential and militant organization. In such cases the tendency of Congress is to let things slide.

their own city and state have shown themselves quite incapable of dealing with Chicago's bands of organized



Keystone

WELL-KNOWN ANGLER

Alphonse Capone photographed in Florida aboard his yacht



Keystone

LAME-DUCK-SHOOTER

Senator George W. Norris, whose pet resolution again fails of adoption

►► Federal Cause and Cure

FEDERAL PROSECUTIONS directed against the lords of Chicago's underworld begin to show results. Three of Al Capone's lieutenants have been sentenced to prison terms running from eighteen months to five years for violation of the federal income tax laws. On February 27, Secretary of Labor Doak signed an order for the deportation of Tony (Mops) Volpe, Capone associate, charged with being "an alien unlawfully in the United States." And on the same day, in Chicago, Federal Judge Wilkerson sentenced Capone himself to six months in jail for contempt of court.

It seems that, early in 1929, Capone, sunning himself in Florida, was rudely disturbed by a subpoena to appear as a witness before a federal grand jury in Chicago. Capone secured a postponement, advancing the contention, supported by an affidavit, that he was too ill to appear. Judge Wilkinson decided that the affidavit contained false statements and that Capone was quite capable of appearing if he had chosen. Hence the penalty of six months behind the bars—the first jail sentence ever inflicted upon Capone in Chicago.

No doubt intelligent Chicagoans welcome the use of federal laws against Capone and his associates. Law enforcement agencies, courts included, of

racketeers. Indeed, in last week's *Collier's* Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, president of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce, noted that "it is commonly said by close observers that more than half of Chicago's police officers and men have taken bribes spasmodically or regularly from either Capone or his tributaries."

Yet it is a peculiar fact that federal laws are causing, just as they alone are helping to cure, Chicago's epidemic of racketeering. Left to itself, Illinois would have abolished prohibition long since and so doing would have broken the back of Chicago's underworld. It is federally enforced prohibition that has made these organizations what they are today. Once federal prohibition is abandoned, their strength will steadily decline. "Capone is the vice lord of Chicago," declared Colonel Randolph, "and without his beer trade to furnish him the sinews he would not be the menace to civilization that he is. All other illegal operations of his band are but outgrowths of the beer racket."

►► The Farm Board's Wheat

Too LARGE TO HIDE, too expensive to store, too valuable to throw away, the Federal Farm Board's huge wheat holdings apparently cannot be sold without

prevent agreement between House and Senate conferees, it served that purpose.

Yet the death of another lame-duck

defeating the very purpose for which they were accumulated—to prevent a further decline in the price of wheat. The difficulty of the situation was shown on February 26 when the Farm Board announced its plan to export thirty-five million bushels of wheat, or a fourth of all its holdings.

Early in 1930, the board (through its Grain Stabilization Corporation) set out to fix the price of wheat by purchasing nearly seventy million bushels. It has been in the wheat market off and on ever since. At first, it paid prices ranging from \$1.12 to \$1.25 a bushel; frequently paid higher prices than those quoted in the wheat pit of the Chicago Board of Trade. Instead of stabilizing or bulging the price of wheat, however, its activities have been followed by a bearish movement which sent the price to the lowest level since 1914.

Naturally the grain traders have believed that wheat bought by the Farm Board would some day have to be sold. The board's purchases have never removed a bushel from the visible supply. Indeed, its holdings have looked so large as to exert a depressing influence upon the market. Meanwhile, the board has been compelled to pay from one and a half to two cents a bushel a month for storage charges. Then, selling some of its wheat at home, it found itself not only taking a loss but actually starting another downward movement in prices.

Out of this experience came the board's recent decision to sell wheat abroad in the hope of getting rid of it without disturbing the price artificially maintained in the United States. Yet the mere announcement of this decision was followed by a two and a half cent drop in prices at Chicago. There may be further declines when the wheat is actually placed on the foreign market. Furthermore, it is evident that the board will be selling abroad for less than it paid for the wheat at home and that American taxpayers are expected to stand the loss, which will be large. Every manoeuvre of the Farm Board makes it plainer that it should stop buying and selling wheat and confine itself to encouraging farmers to help themselves by limiting production and combining into cooperatives to insure orderly marketing.

➤➤ Second Revolt in Peru

KEEPING UP with Latin-American revolutions is no small task. Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, Brazil, Guatemala and the

Remarkable Remarks

Two weeks ago The Outlook announced that it would offer prizes for the best Remarkable Remarks sent in by Outlook readers—\$5 for the one judged best, and prizes of \$2 each for the next seven chosen for inclusion in the column. The best Remarkable Remarks in this regular weekly competition appear below, with the names of the Outlook Readers who contributed them. The competition continues weekly, and all contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

The government of the United States is about like the Second Ward in Northampton.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

I care more for the success of these [Republican] principles than for my own personal victory.—MAYOR WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON.

The [Republican] Party, for some reason, has a habit of being right.—SENATOR DAVID A. REED.

What we need now is not to button up our waistcoats tight, but to be in a mood of expansion—to do things, to buy things, to make things.—JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

Words are beautiful, but rifles, machine guns, ships, airplanes, and cannons are better.—BENITO MUSSOLINI.

I am a reputable citizen.—AL CAPONE.

The people of the United States are tremendously interested in me.—SIDNEY FRANKLIN.

Marriage is all very well, but it seems like carrying love a little too far.—TEXAS GUINAN.

Dominican Republic all overthrew their governments during 1930, while 1931 was scarcely a day old when Panama followed suit. Now we are offered the spectacle of Peru toppling its provisional government which itself toppled the government of President Leguia last August. President Leguia signed his resignation under the eyes of army officers on August 25 while Provisional President Cerro signed his on March 1 after receiving an ultimatum from the Peruvian army.

Sanchez Cerro was a lieutenant colonel in the army garrison at Arequipa when he led the revolt last year. Señor Leguia, on the other hand, had ruled Peru for eleven years, though he fell quickly before a revolution strengthened by the business depression and the feeling that he had granted too much to Chile in the Tacna-Arica boundary dispute. Becoming Provisional President overnight, Señor Cerro promised free

Joseph Zisk, 45 Main Street, New Britain, Conn., winner of first prize, \$5.

Charlotte Michaelson, 8217 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago, Ill., \$2 prize.

Edwin L. Beck, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, \$2 prize.

F. T. Raiford, Selma Times-Journal, Selma, Ala., \$2 prize.

Andrew Mackie, 251 College Street, Springfield, Mass., \$2 prize.

A. C. Young, 315 East Moreland Avenue, Hatboro, Pa., \$2 prize.

D. Manason, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., \$2 prize.

V. X. McEnaney, North American Life Assurance Co., Toronto, Canada, \$2 prize.

elections and had Leguia sent to jail for misuse of government funds. Though Peru was satisfied with Cerro as Provisional President, it was apparently reluctant to have him become President.

Recent minor uprisings in the capital city, Lima, and its port town, Callao, were easily suppressed but a veritable civil war followed the February 20 insurrection in the garrison at Arequipa. As troops mutinied far to the north and south, President Cerro fought back resolutely, attempting to stem the tide against him by withdrawing as a candidate for President. Yet all went to naught on March 1 when his resignation was demanded by the navy which had seized transports carrying troops to meet the rebels at Arequipa. By sundown Cerro was out and negotiations with the rebels were begun by the new provisional government, headed by chief justice of the Supreme Court, chief of the army staff and commander of the navy.

Whatever else happens in Peru, the revolt looks like a harbinger of troublous month in Latin-America. In fact, with constant rumblings in Cuba, closing of schools to save money for the army in the Dominican Republic and muffled unrest in Venezuela, this year may produce as many Latin-American revolutions as the last.

►► In Brief

REPRESENTATIVE TINKHAM of Massachusetts would have the Methodist Building standing at the edge of Capitol grounds moved into some other part of Washington, he being a great one for the decentralization of government. . . . "12 Bandmen Drowned in Chile After Playing for British Heir"—newspaper headline. Oh well, the Prince has been

traveling for some time now. He's probably tired and irritable. . . . Simeon D. Fess has reviewed developments during the first two years of the Hoover Administration for the New York *Herald Tribune*. We gather that the chairman of the Republican National Committee thinks that developments during the first two years of this Republican President have been swell. . . ." Suggested test for seniors in our schools of business. Write a short essay on the ethics involved in this case. According to testimony of Morris White, a director of New York's defunct Bank of United States, that institution conducted a drive for, and secured, between 60,000 and 80,000 new depositors after it had been warned by the State Banking Department that its position was highly precarious.

End of a Great Newspaper

An Editorial

THE NEW YORK WORLD has not fallen into unworthy hands. The New York *Telegram*, with which it has been combined, is perhaps better fitted than any other New York newspaper to carry on *World* traditions. Nevertheless it was with a feeling of sadness and personal loss that New Yorkers on February 27 read the news that the heirs of the late, great Joseph Pulitzer had sold the morning, evening and Sunday *Worlds* to the Scripps-Howard chain of twenty-five newspapers. New York could have spared *The Sunday World*. It could have spared *The Evening World*. But it could not spare *The World*, the bright and gallant morning edition whose name was familiar wherever men know and admire good newspapers.

True, the news columns of *The World*, largely because of a policy of financial retrenchment, had of recent years slipped from their once commanding position. Yet, to those who had known *The World* during any considerable part of its half century under Pulitzer ownership, these columns still seemed to enclose remnants and reminders of better days when, known for their conciseness, color and bravery, they bore the work of innumerable first-rate newspapermen—Louis Seibold, Herbert B. Swope, William P. Beazell, Joseph Jefferson O'Neill, Donald Henderson Clarke, James W. Barrett, and, more recently, Frank L. Hopkins, Dudley

Nichols, Charles Michelson, Henry F. Pringle, Frank Sullivan, Joseph Van Raalte and many, many another.

Moreover, the famous *World* editorial page, the heart of the newspaper, remained, enlivened with the forceful cartoons of Rollin Kirby, providing daily opportunity for the talents of Charles Merz, James M. Cain and others, presided over by the astute and scholarly Walter Lippmann, successor to the late Frank I. Cobb. As Fabian Franklin put it, in a recent letter to the New York *Post*, "The combination of emotional fervor and intellectual intensity, in it [*The World's*] leading editorials, was such as no other newspaper in the country matched, and at its best was equal to anything the country has ever known." It was no empty boast when *The World* described its editorial page and the page opposite as the two most distinguished in American journalism. The latter page had been a veritable repository of stars—Heywood Brown and F. P. A.; for example, Harry Hansen and Robert Littell, Deems Taylor and William Bolitho, Laurence Stallings and Alexander Woollcott.

But the traditions, the staff, the features and the history of *The World* have been reviewed by others more familiar with the subject than are we—note Mr. Beazell's article in this issue of the *OUTLOOK*. What we wish to consider, primarily, is the influence of *The World* on public opinion. That influence was

enormous, and not only city-wide but nation-wide. Directly and indirectly, *The World* has swayed the minds and votes of millions.

Long known as a newspaperman's newspaper, *The World* found its way to the desks of editors and editorial writers all over the country. Almost to a man, they respected and admired it. Almost to a man, they were in some degree affected by its ideas. Editors in other cities not only imitated the style of *The World's* editorials but often absorbed their content as well, and soon they were preaching *World* principles on their own editorial pages. To be sure, *The World* was consistently, though by no means slavishly, a Democratic newspaper. But no Republican newspaper worth its salt ever completely disregarded it. As for independent and Democratic newspapers, they fairly ate it up.

The World set a standard for other newspapers to aim at. It showed them that it was possible to be independent and yet maintain a definite tone and course; to be liberal and yet be realistic; to be vigorous and yet fair; to be Democratic without being offensively partisan. When it saw fit to rebuke Democratic celebrities or to bolt Democratic candidates it never hesitated to do so. During the past few years, for example, it had been remarkably cool toward the Democratic Governor of New York and the Democratic Mayor of New York City. Though Democratic candidates sometimes cursed it as fickle, they valued its praise and many made of its doctrines their own. It has been said that, during the campaign of 1928, *The World* seemed to know Governor Smith's ideas long before he knew them himself. It is certainly true that the Governor found inspiration in *The World* editorial page for a number of his public statements.

The end of *The World*, then, is a loss not only to its readers in New York and elsewhere; not only to the Democratic party, for which the paper was an extraordinarily able spokesman; not only to those public officials who had come to rely on it for support. It is a loss to independent, progressive newspapers in all sections of the United States and hence to hosts of independent, progressive readers and thinkers who never saw *The World* from one year's end to another.

So many newspapers nowadays are simply merchants of news, lacking *The World's* crusading spirit, its inquiring

mind, its habit of digging beneath the surface and its courage in presenting its discoveries. We find ourselves one with those who even now can scarcely realize that *The World* is really dead, who cannot be consoled for its passing,

who say that this was a newspaper with a soul as well as a body, and who believe that the rebirth of *The World* of old would be one of the finest things that ever happened to this country.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE MID-TERM PERIOD of President Hoover's Administration, we regret to report, finds him in deeper difficulties than ever before. His policies have antagonized the Progressive members of his party, including those who trekked across the country in his behalf two years ago, and his personality has alienated the regulars, as well as the conservative influences of the nation. In the closing weeks of the recent session, the leaders in both Senate and House openly voiced their disappointment at his failure to grasp several opportunities to remove the unemployment, power and oil tariff issues from current and coming politics, and they completely disregarded his wishes. This tendency to try to save the party at the sacrifice of the President, we predict, will become stronger from now on, especially when Congress reconvenes.

The practical politicians on Capitol Hill no longer seek to advise Mr. Hoover, and he is, therefore, bereft of any close and canny comrades. Forgetting old feuds, "Jim" Watson and Vice-President Curtis were wont to inform the President of the state of mind in the Senate, while "Nick" Longworth and "Bert" Snell kept him aware of the momentary moods in the lower chamber. Mr. Hoover, however, not being a forgive-and-forget sort of politician, could not get over his rivalries with Messrs. Watson and Curtis at Kansas City, and he cannot understand the Longworth type of person at all. Where he did not suspect his advisers' sincerity, as in the case of "Jim" and "Charley," he misjudged or misled them, as he did with Messrs. Longworth and the astute "Ike" Bacharach of New Jersey.

In consequence, we note, they no longer visit the White House when emergencies arise; they go only when "conscripted." Even the astute and attractive "Charley" McNary, who has known Hoover since boyhood, stays

away except when the presidential limousine is sent for him. We do not find the men we speak of to be resentful; they are, however, regretful.

While we cannot understand the President's attitude toward these would-be allies, we do sympathize with him for his inability to cooperate with them. It is not enough to explain it with the old saw that he "is a child at politics." Mr. Hoover's difficulty is more fundamental.



From the Baltimore Sun.

Dancing on the grave

He cannot sense, we fear, that, no matter how fiercely the Senate leader and Vice-President fought him for the nomination, party regularity comes before all else with them. They would, we know, be wholly loyal to a communist if he happened to be the duly elected—and Republican—President of the United States. It is the same with "Nick." Although Mr. Hoover cannot appreciate the ability of this singing and jiggling playboy-politician—and the Speaker has nothing in common with a

workaday engineer—the President, were it not for his inhibitions, would recognize that Mr. Longworth would smash his violin and never warble again if he discovered that it cast a blot on his family or political 'scutcheon.

The lack of such counsellors has, day by day, contributed to Mr. Hoover's troubles. He has had to turn to men who are either short-sighted or sycophantic—to his secretariat, to his devoted friends and to his Cabinet. The awkward Walter Newton, the Toledo boss, Postmaster General Brown, and Mr. Hoover's old college chum, Ray Lyman Wilbur, we understand, form the trio which is directing—or dooming—the destinies of Mr. Hoover and his Administration. They tell the President what he likes to hear, urge him forward along lines he has already blue-printed and, therefore, they retain his friendship and his faith in their wisdom.

Although Mr. Hoover has, to the utter disillusionment of the Borahs, Brookharts and other like-minded aides of 1928, catered to the large industrial and commercial interests, they still distrust him, we find. They may welcome his attitude on the tariff, on water power, on "paternalism," and on foreign policy in so far as it applies to Central America and the World Court, but they dread his indecision, as it has been revealed in dealing with the Wickersham report, the World Court itself, the Federal Farm Board, Treasury and Federal Reserve Board problems, railroads, waterways and Supreme Court nominations. He has not, we find, won over the representatives of the interests which sought to block his nomination at Kansas City—the Mellons, the Grundys, the Hilles crowd in New York and all their camp-followers.

Despite this imposing list of opportunities missed, we imagine that Mr. Hoover will be renominated. He himself is fearfully worried over the outcome of the election, we hear. But he consoles himself with the reflection that the Democrats will make their traditional mistakes. He watches eagerly for signs that the depression is beginning to lift. Little by little, he is learning, and, we predict, an awakened and articulate Hoover might give us an altogether different Administration in the next two years. So say his friends, who like their idol, may be down but not out. A.F.C.

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►► The Week in Business ◄◄

By FRANK A. FALL

►► Report of Progress

SAFELY through another week, as the hymnologist put the case with exceptional felicity. A week of forward movement, not only in investment levels but also in production schedules and sales activity. The soft spots are growing smaller and fewer, and a strong undertone of confidence is developing.

Business abroad is still in the doldrums, but there is no little encouragement for us in the upturn of steel and motor production, an increase in electric power output, gains in the textile industries and a moderate advance in car loadings.

Several months ago we suggested that the textiles might serve as the spearpoint of a new advance as they have led the way out of depressions in the past. The index of cotton cloth production now stands at the highest level since last June.

Reports from more than a hundred of the leading markets of the country clearly indicate improvement in retail trade. Some of this is seasonal, but much of it represents a release of impounded purchasing power. Personal, as well as retail, wholesale and factory inventories are at a low ebb. John Citizen has reached the point where he *must* buy, and this is going to help the retailer, the wholesaler and the manufacturer much more quickly than is normally the case.

►► Honk! Honk!

If you must have gloom, don't look for it in Detroit or any other center of motor manufacture. Those who are in the know are willing to lay generous odds that 1931 is going to be a good automobile year.

The year 1930, may it rest in peace, saw the total production of cars and trucks in the United States and Canada reduced to 3,505,000 units, more than two million less than the total for 1929. Registration, however, increased from 26,400,000 to 26,718,000, gasoline filling stations from 320,000 to 350,000, and service stations and repair shops from 95,800 to 100,300.

Evidently the nation kept on riding during 1930, although it held back on the purchase of new models. For 1931, leading motor executives estimate production at about 4,000,000 units, but our guess (which is no better than the next one, and possibly no worse) is that it

will be nearer 4,500,000, or a million more than the total for 1930.

In 1925, our motor factories turned out 3,600,000 cars and trucks. These are certainly due to be scrapped now if they have not been before this. We can count also on some new owner demand and a moderate amount of export business. New demand will be helped by the fact that 1930 was, for many thousands of people, a year of cleaning up instalment contracts, without making new commitments. Spring is almost here, and the urge to go places and do things will be stronger than ever. On second thought, our guess will be 4,600,000.

►► Reds Et Al

IN *Labor and Internationalism* (Macmillan \$3) Lewis L. Lorwin tells the story of the dramatic movement for international labor cooperation which has developed under the banner "Workers of the World, Unite."

Six factors, says Mr. Lorwin, have promoted the development of international contacts in the labor movement. These are mass migration; competition in world markets; the desire of workers in different countries to help each other in economic conflicts; the desire to promote the independence of small nationalities against the encroachments of large states; the question of war and peace; and the socialist ideal of the emancipation of labor.

The most important function of all international labor organizations, Mr. Lorwin concludes, is that of eliminating the probability of future wars. But to do this, these organizations must press their demands for economic justice at home and abroad and for fair play in the use of the economic resources of the world.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) February 26—75.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) February 26—67.0.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended February 14—720,689 cars (increase of 1,686 over preceding week; reduction of 172,451 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended February 21—52% of capacity (increase of 1.5% over preceding week; reduction of 31% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended February 21—daily average gross 2,165,250 barrels (increase of 37,550 over preceding week; reduction of 556,800 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended February 21—226,000 bushels (reduction of 9,000 under preceding week and of 392,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended February 26—\$7,060,100,000 (reduction of 26.2% under preceding week and of 22.7% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Five-day period ended February 26—659 (reduction of 63 under preceding week; increase of 133 over same five-day period of 1930).

Insuring Against Unemployment

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

OUR methods of dealing with unemployment during the past year have left much to be desired. All that was accomplished by conferences at Washington and by the inauguration of new programs of public works did not prevent four or five million men from losing their jobs. Without these efforts conditions might have been much worse, but the inadequacy of what has been done has given a new interest to the discussion of unemployment insurance. Even if the coming spring should bring substantial improvement in general business, the question of providing in advance for the unemployed is not likely to become a dead issue; for the country is coming more and more to realize that unemployment is no longer a local or an occasional phenomenon. It is a national problem, and one of growing importance.

For several years before the beginning of the recent recession in industrial activity there was an increasing amount of displaced labor, due to steady progress in the mechanization of industry, and along with this there was a noticeable tendency in large-scale organizations to weed out the older workers. Unemployment as it exists today, therefore, is not due wholly to the downward swing of the business cycle, and we are beginning to realize, as the older countries of Europe have already done, that more satisfactory provision must be made against the economic and social consequences of an irregular demand for labor.

In the United States the idea of some form of unemployment insurance provided by public authority has vigorous champions and equally vigorous opponents. In half a dozen state legislatures at least a score of bills have been introduced in recent years. Some new measures are now pending in several legislatures, but no state has yet adopted a system, and none seems likely to do so in the near future. The earlier bills usually provided for joint contributions by employers and employees, but the more recent measures have conformed to the recommendation of the American Association for Labor Legislation that company executives should set aside a definite reserve fund to tide the workers over a slack period, just as they set aside reserves for dividends to their stockholders in years of poor business.

Several measures have also been laid before Congress during the session just closed for the establishment of federal unemployment insurance, or for federal

aid to state or private insurance. The bill which received the most attention was introduced by Senator Wagner and provided for a system to which the federal government would contribute a third, and the state governments two-thirds, of the cost. None of these measures received a favorable report, but the Senate approved a resolution by Senator Wagner authorizing an investigation of the various systems now in operation.

While the state and federal governments have taken no action, some progress has been made in this country toward the development of several forms of voluntary unemployment benefits. The oldest form is the out-of-work benefit maintained by trade unions, which was inaugurated as early as 1831 and has had a rather checkered career. About a dozen of the large unions have sought at one time or another to maintain these benefits on a nation-wide basis, but according to Bryce M. Stewart, an authority on industrial relations, only four national systems now are in operation. There are others maintained by local unions. In recent years a number of unions have made agreements with employers for the joint payment of unemployment benefits.

About fifteen years ago a third form of voluntary unemployment benefit appeared in this country when the Dennison Manufacturing Company made provision for its employees at its own expense. Since then thirty-odd companies have adopted some similar form of benefit. Progress in this direction has been most pronounced in the last two years. In 1930 a new development in this field took place at Fond du Lac, Wis., when five companies united to carry on their plan jointly. Early this year fourteen companies at Rochester, N. Y., employing usually about 26,000 workers, joined together to maintain a single system of unemployment benefits.

This voluntary system, though still in the experiment stage, seems at the moment to offer greater promise in the United States than any system of state insurance. If one state adopts such a system and neighboring states do not, there is danger that the added burden of the insurance may drive industries into these other states. This is only one of many questions raised with regard to state insurance for which no satisfactory answer has yet been given, and until the whole problem has been threshed out by experts the states should go slow.

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⇒ Campbell is Coming ⇐

By GEORGE TREVOR

IT'S Sir Malcolm Campbell now, and neither Sir Lancelot nor Sir Galahad had a better right to knight-hood than the tall, raven-haired Scotsman who is the first man ever to travel four miles a minute on land. Riding the cement-like silica sands of Daytona Beach in a sleekly streamlined car propelled by a 1450 horsepower motor, Campbell covered a measured mile at the rate of 245.73 miles an hour on February 5.

You who own a straight eight sedan and brag to your neighbor about "hitting seventy" on the Boston Post Road or the Lincoln Highway—do you know what it feels like to drive 245 miles an hour, a clip better than four miles a minute, a gait that devours a mile in approximately 14½ seconds? Of course you don't—and neither does Malcolm Campbell. "There's no sensation that I can recall," he told thrill-hungry reporters, "things happen too fast for the human mind to register. I get more of a kick at speeds around 120 miles per hour."

Let's try to interpret Campbell's incredible speed in terms that the average man can grasp. Doctors tell us that a nerve impulse travels 108 feet per second. Campbell's Bluebird clipped off 359 feet a second—a rate more than three times faster than nerve reflexes.

What does that mean? It means that the Bluebird was virtually out of control during the mile speed trial. To all intents and purposes he was merely a passenger on an earth-bound projectile!

Baseball fans may get a faint idea of Campbell's speed when they compare the Bluebird's velocity with Walter Johnson's fast ball. The Washington pitcher's smoke ball was timed in a laboratory at 122 feet per second. Contrast that snail's pace with the 359 feet per second clip attained by Campbell! Had the Bluebird shot passed the pitcher's box at the same instant Johnson released the ball, the car would have mowed down the catcher before the horsehide had covered a third of the journey to the plate.

Moving at 120 yards a second a slight swerve might have been fatal to Campbell, for the Daytona beach natural track, though twenty miles long and straight as a plumb rule, is only 75 yards wide at high tide and barely 167 yards broad at low water. Had the Bluebird skidded at 145 miles per hour she would have been catapulted into the sea or flung against the low rim of sand dunes within less than a second, since

the pilot must lay his course down the center of this perilously narrow sand ribbon, and thus has barely 75 yards leeway on either flank.

Campbell aimed his car, as you would a gun, at bright red bullseyes of bunting strung above the course. He was practically driving blind, since a ground haze cut visibility to 350 yards. He had scarcely fixed his eye on a landmark before he was past it.

The Bluebird cost \$170,000. It measures twenty-one feet from snub-nosed, bulbous-shaped prow to the grotesque tail fin which helps keep it on a straight line. It weighs two and a half tons and has a ground clearance of barely three and one-half inches—which is cutting the safety margin pretty fine. Campbell sits within five inches of the ground.

The gasoline used is so saturated with lead that your sport roadster would smother trying to digest it. It is almost as explosive as T. N. T.—indeed the government had to issue a special permit to allow the fuel to be brought ashore.

The forty tires were tested to withstand 300 miles an hour—a speed which produces an almost unendurable centrifugal stress. To exceed 300 would be to risk having the tires disintegrate on the rim. These tires are fabricated of silk and canvas layers with a thin outer skin of rubber.

WHAT of the man who directs this wear splitting, smoke spewing monster?

Captain Campbell is forty-seven years of age—the oldest racing car pilot still pursuing the most hazardous sport on earth. By rights he should be sitting in his snug Kent home, toasting his slippered feet before a fire, but Sir Malcolm, a descendant of the Campbells who faced the British at Culloden, was born for adventure. In Drake's age, he would have been a freebooter, but in lieu of Spanish galleons to capture he found romance in challenging the gods of speed. His first vehicle was a second-hand motorcycle which he concealed in a neighbor's barn out of his father's sight. While still a young man, Campbell inherited a fortune of a million and a half dollars. He used his income to design and build racing cars and airplanes.

At Brooklands in 1912 a front tire exploded while Campbell was making 100 miles an hour on a curve. Instead of braking, he stepped on the gas! A violent skid tossed the car against a ce-

ment curb, tearing off the left front wheel. The machine leaped like a salmon clear of the track, landing partly astride the gutter, in such a freakish manner that the offside rear rim engaged, like a cog, in the edge of the cement curbing. In this unorthodox but life-saving position the car crossed the finish line at 90 miles per hour! Baron Munchausen never told a stranger tale.

Small wonder Campbell is a fatalist. "When your time comes, old man, you're for it, but not before," he will tell you as he fingers the claymore his ancestor swung at Culloden. Yet Campbell's fatalism does not keep him from consulting soothsayers, yogis, crystal gazers, palmists, astrologists, and spiritual mediums.

Tall and gaunt as one of his Forfarshire oaks, Campbell's figure has an athlete's trimness and his step retains the spring of youth. He is one of those fortunate chaps who never seem to grow old, who, while possessing unusual poise, nevertheless retain a certain juvenile exuberance.

In repose his face is kindly, almost benign, but once behind the wheel his features assume a saturnine scowl, eyes narrowing to slits beneath beetling brows. Like most Scotchmen he has moody spells, becomes grumpy, testy, almost morose. At such times he affects a pessimistic attitude worthy of Gil Dobie, but this Scotch dourness masks a determined spirit. Indeed, his friends say that Campbell is most likely to do great things when utterly down in the mouth. For example, at Pendine Sands three years ago, he smashed the then existing mile mark after telling listeners that the Welsh beach was "utterly impossible for record breaking purposes."

Quixotic by nature, Campbell overrides his flighty temperament, driven by a will that won't admit defeat. Motor racing is his life work, an almost religious creed. His hobbies are big game shooting and treasure hunting. No fooling, this blood brother to Captain Kidd spent a month on Cocos Island, in the South Seas, two years ago, searching for the sixty million dollars buried there by pirates in 1821. He didn't find it but he had a swell time.

Now that he has broken Segrave's record, Sir Malcolm will return to deserted Cocos Island to continue his skull and crossbones quest. There you have "Mike" Campbell, smasher of speed records, seeker after "pieces of eight," whose life gives the lie to those thin-blooded killjoys who tell you that the age of romance is gone beyond recall.

►► Vengeance on the Redskin! ◄◄

How the White Man Massacres the Indian

By ROBERT GESSNER

FEW citizens are aware of the sensational horrors and abuses which are today being perpetrated upon our only one hundred per cent Americans. When the last tomahawk of the "menacing red man" was burned, and the War Department felt sufficiently certain that Custer's ghost was satisfied, the "red menace" was herded into jails, called reservations, and thenceforth the "Indian question" quietly dropped out of sight. Positive that the world's richest and most magnanimous government would adequately supervise the Indian, citizens turned their eyes to the international horizons of London, Geneva, The Hague, and Paris; they have failed to see their own backyard littered with an interplanetary spectacle. Their impressions, in the interim, have been largely based on the victories of the Carlisle school boys over the nation's collegiate stars. In addition, an intensive "all's well" campaign, emitted from Washington, has served as an effective smoke screen, hiding an incompetent, abusive management. Meanwhile some contemporary authors have staged an elaborate renaissance of Cooper's and Longfellow's Rousseauian savage, and thus have done their bit in perpetuating the discolored picture.

Hopeful of writing a Pulitzer "giggling girl" or a Boston "Hiawatha," I set out for the Indian country on an extensive hunt for their mythology and folklore. I went in search of lilies and returned with a faded dandelion. Those first months were a bewildering experience. I could scarcely bring myself to realize that thousands upon thousands of Americans, living in thirty-five states, were actually being denied Constitutional rights, and that the present policies of the government were being directed toward a continued denial. Nor could I readily realize the existence of a relentless tyranny over the Indian's person and the sinister exploitation of his property, while he was being denied the elementary right to protect himself. Nor could I hurriedly admit that Indian children were being kidnapped from their homes and forcibly sent to distant boarding schools, where they did not see their

The Indian has always been a problem to the white man, but not his worst problem. On the other hand the white man has for four centuries been the Indian's worst problem. With the Indian it has always been the problem of existence in a land which he considered his by inheritance. Having conquered the Indian, what are we doing for him? The author of this article studied the subject at first hand for three years and wrote the sensational book, "Massacre." In this article he summarizes his findings in answer to the question.

parents for many consecutive years and were compelled to do illegal child labor in overcrowded, unhealthy, industrial institutions of spiritual and physical cruelty. Such kidnapping has been contrary to express statutes and to the Constitution. These irrefutable abuses along with additional dozens so shocked me that for three years I was launched on an unrelenting campaign to learn the

has delegated its guardianship to the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Fully aware that only Congress can review its actions, the Indian Bureau has taken means of preventing that review by flourishing a systematic and apparently effective "all's well" campaign. Perhaps the smokiest of all the propaganda, used by the Bureau to cover its own incompetency, has been the much discussed wealth of the Indian. Prolific publicity about the "rich Indian" and his ever-increasing wealth has misled a public, unfamiliar with the true case, into believing glittering accounts of Indian prosperity. An Interior Department employee, for example, publicly stated that "the per capita wealth of the American Indian is nearly twice as great as the per capita wealth of the other citizens of this country. The per capita wealth of the American Indian is approximately \$4,700."

Out of sixty-five jurisdictions completely under the control of the Indian Bureau only two have been found by the scientific investigators of the Institute for Government Research to have a per capita annual income of more than \$500. The Carson agency of Nevada was found to have the lowest per capita income with the startling amount of \$15 a year. Sixteen agencies were discovered to have less than \$100 per capita a year income, including both tribal and individual revenues.

The Osages of Oklahoma are one of the two

tribes with a per capita annual income of more than \$500. The supposed wealth of the Oklahoma Indians, a stronghold of Indian Bureau propaganda, is being definitely blasted in the current hearings of an investigating sub-committee of the Senate Committee of Indian Affairs, composed of Senators Frazier, chairman, La Follette, Wheeler, Pine, and Thomas. There are approximately 150,000 Indians in Oklahoma, of whom only 3,000 are Osages. The sub-committee has discovered thousands in dire poverty; the Chickasaw, Choctaw, Cherokee, Creek, and Seminole tribes have been found to be "broke." Of the much-advertised Osages, they are rapidly approaching the state in which they

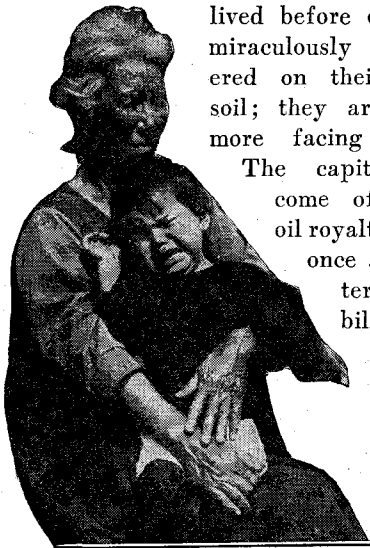


They live in squalor and eat horse meat

whole truth of the Indian problem.

Only after a continuous search into the true facts of the case, gleaned from living among Indians, from traveling thousands of miles in visits to their reservations, and from poring over vital statistics, have I been able to know the human picture hidden behind the colorless government data, the intentionally confused jargon of the appropriation bills, and the equivocal government reports.

The present administrative set-up is as follows: The American Indian, being declared a ward of the United States, has had his welfare deposited in that chop-suey catch-all of the government, the Interior Department, which in turn



Always hungry

lived before oil was miraculously discovered on their arid soil; they are once more facing want.

The capital income of their oil royalties was once a quarter of a billion; it

ance deeded to whites, and then found a few months later with bullets in their heads.

The public has heard of the Osage "wealth." It has not heard of the Black-foot poverty, wherein the only food Indians have to eat has been the dead horses found on city dumps. As a shocking paradox those Montana Indians have had a million dollars unconstitutionally charged against them without their consent for irrigation projects, concerning which expert government engineers thirteen years previously advocated complete abandonment.

One Fort Peck Indian, Two Woman Armstrong, living in a dirt-roofed, dirt-floored, old, dilapidated log shack containing no furniture and no food, went to the government sub-agent at Wolf Point. The Indian Service employee, whose salary came from her tribal fund, refused the old woman help of any sort. Instead, he advised her that she could drown out gophers for food, and was quite particular in his instructions.

The Montana Indians, who die fifteen to sixteen times faster than pale face citizens, have reimbursable appropriations illegally hoisted on their already bent shoulders. A Bureau press memorandum of May 15, 1930, for example, contained the following statement: "Appropriations for Indian irrigation are increased by \$545,000, to be spent largely in Montana and Washington."

The Montana Blackfeet are not exceptions. There is the case of the Pine Ridge Sioux, whose per capita annual income, according to the Bureau's own chief of the budget, is \$15.94. Those Indians, who eat horseflesh as a regular diet and look upon dog meat as a luxury, who are compelled to drink creek water for the want of a well, who are clothed like miserable beggars—those Indians have to their credit \$1,244,856.05! Sweet land of liberty! No haunter of a New York headline could ever grumble of such a paradox.

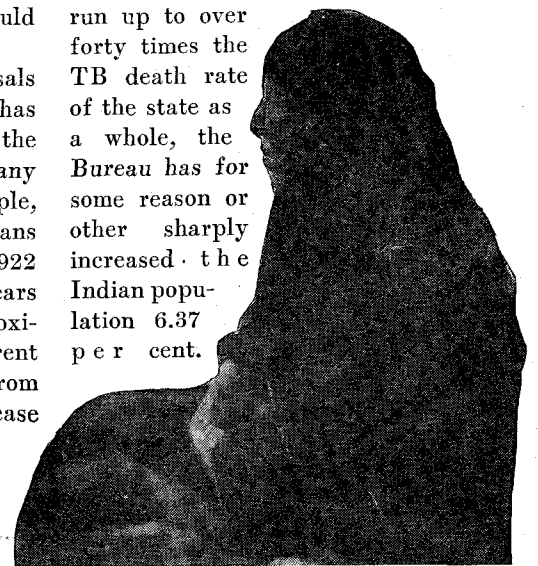
It has been the fluctuating appraisals of property upon which the Bureau has based its business ability to increase the Indians' wealth, rather than upon any real alteration in value. For example, the total estimated wealth of the Indians increased, in the four years from 1922 to 1926, \$966,000,000; in the four years from 1926 to 1930 it increased approximately \$967,000,000: an apparent wealth increase of 119 per cent from 1922 to 1926 and a 93 per cent increase since 1926, or the grand total of a 212 per cent increase in eight years! This obviously had not been taking place. In removing the padded estimates of mineral and oil wealth from the totals one finds the fatal

truth. The Indian allotted lands held in trust have shrunk \$69,000,000, or 16.6 per cent in the first four-year period. The Indian estate, leaving out of account the fast dwindling or hypothetical oil and mineral resources, has shrunk at the rate of four per cent a year through the four years preceding 1926. This shrinkage covered all tangible, measurable, known property, both tribal and individual, such as lands, houses, timber, cattle, and money. The dwindling of any estate at four per cent a year means complete annihilation in a few years. At the Indian Bureau's present speed of mismanagement the Indians of America will be penniless by 1951. Many already have gone over to the red side of the ledger.

The 119 per cent increase by 1926 and the 93 per cent increase by 1930 do not take into account the \$31,000,000 reimbursable indebtedness placed upon Indian lands unconstitutionally. Regarding these debts, John Collier, executive secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, has testified that "to be ground under even a just debt is misery, but to be ground under an unjust debt, unwillingly incurred, not even knowingly incurred, is a worse misery. That is the position of the Indians."

With regard to the red man's death rate the Bureau of Indian Affairs has declared, through practically all publicity channels available, that the Indian population is steadily increasing. One Interior Department employee, in a published statement, asserted that "the Indians are increasing in population at the rate of about 1,500 per annum, which is the result of the work of the Indian Bureau along educational and health lines."

In Wisconsin, for example, where the Menominee tribe has had its tuberculosis death rate run up to over forty times the TB death rate of the state as a whole, the Bureau has for some reason or other sharply increased the Indian population 6.37 per cent.



Defeated

This phenomenal leap appears more sensational when one considers that it occurred in but one year. In the state of Washington the Bureau increased the population 12.64 per cent in likewise only one year. This would mean the doubling of the Washington Indian population in seven and a half years, which obviously is not being accomplished. In the case of California the Bureau laid its smoke screen on too heavily. In one year the Indian population of that state was increased by 5,367 or 41.75 per cent. At that rate the tribes of that state would return in a few years to their original count of 100,000, which they numbered before the Indian Bureau took complete charge.

Ethnological experts say that in 1492 there were 918,000 aborigines within the continental limits of the United States. The statistics of the Indian Office in 1924 listed only 162,602 full bloods from a total of 299,761. Another set of Bureau statistics listed the 1924 Indian population at 346,902. With the Bureau of the Census numbering Indians at 244,437 in 1924 there appears to be 100,000 bodiless Indians living on the Interior Department's ink-dotted pages.

The Indian death rate, according to the federal census, has increased 62 per cent from 1921 to 1925, the last year for which the Census Bureau computed mortality percentages. Although the Indians' death rate is approximately three times as high as the whites', no vital percentages have been issued since 1925. Since that year a comparative census has been verily stifled. It is expected that the 1930 census will show an increase in the Indian population, which, however, will not be "the result of the work of the Indian Bureau along educational and health lines," but rather because the 1930 census has been a more thorough canvass than any previous count. Death, it must be remembered, has never taken a holiday in the Indian country.

Because of the white man's neglect of the nation's wards, reservations today are fast becoming cesspools of disease, threatening infection to neighboring communities and tourists. Indians are rapidly becoming germ-carriers, wandering about freely as flies. Soon the only one hundred per cent American will menace the Caucasian who has been the cause of his afflictions. This deadly boomerang is not mere speculation. A profound student of the Indian, Walter V. Woehlke, managing editor of the *Sunset Magazine* of California, has written that "in twenty states west of the Mississippi the Indian today is probably killing and incapacitating, merely by his presence and contact,

more white people than his immediate ancestors did with arrow or bullet or tomahawk."

The Indian's inflated death rate, then, is his unwitting revenge. He is now a strange warrior, bearing no tomahawk, no bullet pouch, but possessing an aim as straight as the arrows of his forefathers. His harvest is rich and his revenge is abundant.

What of the attempted relief, if any? President Hoover, on December 5, 1929, asked Congress for an emergency appropriation of \$1,500,000 to be used between the date of appropriation and June 30, 1930; \$1,100,000 of this sum was to be used for improving the boarding school diet and giving other emergency aid, and \$400,000 for immediate medical and health service. A

slightly awakened public, upon becoming satisfied that the nation was caring for its wards, promptly settled back into its lethargy. But what happened to the presidential request? Congress succeeded in redecorating the petition until it became hardly recognizable. In the instance of approximately 25,000 boarding school children the additional appropriations allowed an expenditure of between 35 and 36 cents per day per child. Although this has allowed the Indian child to eat more food than he did previously, nevertheless his rations are yet lower than the *minimum* health subsistence standard set up by the Detroit Visiting Housekeeping Association. The Indian Bureau has never yet achieved the most necessary diet devised by the Interior Department's own economics staff as the standard requirement for a growing Indian child.

The Indian Bureau needs brains to plan balanced meals. Brains to assist and supervise the Indian children in boarding schools. Brains to spend money intelligently. To note an instance: There is the case of the Mekusukey Academy for Seminole children, where approximately \$3,500 worth of foodstuffs, de-

rived from the additional food appropriations, were delivered to the abandoned academy and lay rotting while neighboring Seminoles starved. The facts of this case have been so glaring that they altered Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma from a supporter of the Bureau to one of its most violent attackers.

"I called out to the Indian Bureau today," he stated to the newspapers, "to find out what disposition was to be made of the food. It took half an hour to find any one who knew there was any such place as the Mekusukey Academy, and another half hour for them to find out that the supplies were there and no arrangements had been made for their disposal."



Still a bit defiant

To note a final instance: Upon leaving the Flambeau School dining hall after lunch hour I saw a sight which dispelled all the propaganda and hallelujahs made over the additional food appropriations. I saw three small, undersized, beggarly clothed Indian children, one girl and two boys, poking around a garbage can, looking for bits of food. It was one o'clock and they had just been fed, but they were still hungry. I snapped the picture, which I have for evidence.

One of the most disheartening features of the Indian situation is the fact that there actually was supposed to have been a house-cleaning. When Secretary Wilbur took office he called in representatives of the Institute for Government Research, the Indian Rights Association, and the American Indian Defense Association for the purpose of outlining a program of reform. Then came the reform officials, Charles J. Rhoads and J. Henry Scattergood, appointed by President Hoover, but upon their arrival the reform program was thrown overboard. They had an opportunity in 1929 which took years of effort to achieve. Congress, for the first time,

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►► Bigger and Barer Than Ever ◀◀

"Undressed Opera" and Its Amazing Expansion

By JEROME RENITZ

THE theatre today is in a bad way. But, strangely enough, one type of in-the-flesh entertainment has not yielded to the virus. The healthy and well-nourished patient is none other than our old friend, burlesque. Instead of joining its sister amusements in the infirmary, burlesque is enjoying unprecedented prosperity, opening additional theatres and spreading from coast to coast. For the last three seasons the Mutual circuit of burlesque theatres has been operating between forty and fifty theatres, and at no other period in the history of the agitated art has a circuit boasted so many. Moreover, that organization reports that its average gross receipts are larger today than in any previous season. But the circuit constitutes merely a small part of the indelicate industry. Myriads of independent burlesque theatres now cover the land with the uncovered amusement of the "undressed opera."

So popular has burlesque become, in fact, that in many of the urban centers continuous performances have been introduced—all this in spite of the general business depression. To meet the demand, midnight performances are sometimes offered, bearing the appropriate title, "Midnight Shambles." The burlesque belles have saved many a theatre owner and lessee from the almshouse. In innumerable instances, theatres devoted to less exhilarating forms of theatrical entertainment have failed miserably, but with the introduction of burlesque at these same theatres, the theretofore empty seats are promptly filled and the mortgage on the old homestead is paid off. It is almost a theatrical truism that where nothing else will succeed burlesque will. Burlesque is rising to the demand—and its temperature as well. It is getting hotter and hotter—bigger and barer than ever.

Burlesque is old, but present-day burlesque bears as much resemblance to the old-time variety as raw alcohol bears to sarsaparilla. There is a legend that burlesque in the olden days was wild and wicked. Not so! Judged by present-day standards, it was Sunday School entertainment. Changing mores would make ye olde tyme burlesque appear like a product of the Purity League, but at the time it was looked upon with utter horror, and grandpa slunk into the theatre feeling hopelessly depraved.

Then the uplift movement hit burlesque. It aspired to higher and finer

things, and donned robes of respectability. The Columbia circuit was organized and started catering to women and children. Its productions were spotless and lily-white. As a result, burlesque grew utterly dull and insipid. The name burlesque had connoted something pungent and peppery. Now whatever kick there had been was gone, nothing remained but the name.

Then came the blow-off. With the organization of the Mutual Wheel, burlesque came to life with a bang. Over night its temperature changed from ice cold to red hot. Chiefly responsible was the introduction of the runway, patterned after one used at the Folies Bergere, Paris, enabling the spectators to get a more intimate view of the anatomical features of the female members of the cast. Costumes became more sparse, songs and dances more abandoned, humor more risqué. Present-day burlesque was launched. Columbia watched this metamorphosis in dismay, but continued more refined presentations. Finally Columbia capitulated, and the competitive pace became more furious, costumes more indiscernible, dancing more muscular.

THE modern burlesque show is fairly standard. The orchestra blares an overture, a melody reminiscent of a boiler factory. The curtain rises, revealing rows of chorus girls, modestly attired in girdles and brassieres, singing an opening chorus loudly and raucously. Not a word is distinguishable, but the customers don't care. After the girls have completed their musical homicide, a couple of comedians appear in baggy trousers, grotesquely made up to represent what they optimistically believe to be characterizations of tramps, Hebrews, Teutonic gentry or simpletons, the last-mentioned portrayal being very natural and realistic. They hold a dialogue in the course of which they emit remarks dealing principally with marital infelicity and social promiscuity. The comedians leave, and a woman principal comes on, leading a chorus number. The girls trip onto the runway passing through the orchestra above the heads of the audience. The boys perk up—this is what they have been waiting for.

On the runway the feverish females undulate their diaphragms, posteriors heaving and tossing. This style of work is known in the trade variously as "hip-

waving," "cooch dancing," or simply "cooching." The customers display keen enjoyment. Now it will be noticed that although the ladies of the ensemble are almost in their birthday clothes, the principal is surrounded by enough clothing to build a good-sized tent. This is an application of the psychological principle that that which is concealed is attractive. Were the principal to appear stripped at once, she would hold little appeal. And so what the trade knows as "strip-teasing" is utilized. After the girls have gone back and forth on the runway two or three times, the principal comes on alone and sings. At first, she seems as shy and demure as Priscilla. But at the end of her song, she coyly conveys by gesture that she may be persuaded to take off her clothes and stay to tea, if the audience proves hospitable. The patrons applaud wildly. She reappears, and with seeming reluctance and shame, removes her dress. In response to repeated encores, she comes on again and again, each time ridding herself of further impedimenta and indicating that, if coaxed, she may take off more. She finally reaches a point where her attire is so scant as to invite pneumonia, and where any further divestment would result in a summary trip to the police station. When this limit has been reached, and the audience realizes that it is not feasible for the poor girl to pose as September Morn, she is allowed to depart.

These runway numbers, with their hip-waving and strip-teasing, are the high lights of the performance. During the intervals between them the audience is regaled with bedroom scenes and other æsthetic burlesque material. Situations or bits are presented showing a husband discovering his wife in the arms of a lover and becoming irate merely because the lover is smoking the husband's cigars; a newly married couple exhibiting diffidence toward preparing to embrace Morpheus, and other scenes of equally high moral tone.

FOR variety the patrons are diverted by unadorned chorus ladies posing as statues (living pictures); an Oriental dancer striving energetically to dislocate her spine, during which process her gyrations make Little Egypt seem motionless in comparison; a burlesque moaning that she was a good gal once, or a hard-faced prima donna sobbing that Red-Light Rose may be somebody's sister—all this to fill up time between

runway numbers while the chorus maidens change from one ounce of gauze to another.

Such is the new burlesque show. Now most of this is pretty indifferent stuff. The comedians' humor is elemental and elementary. The wheezes are ancient and decrepit. The material is moth-eaten. The singing and dancing savor not of the æsthetic, but rather of the stag or smoker. There is naught of sweetness and light. To persons possessed of sensibilities, much of it must be boring.

Then why is it that burlesque continues to attract an ever-widening circle of devotees? Why the success? The answer is the girls. Burlesque serves up the girls, with their sex appeal raised to the nth degree and their clothing cut to the bone. Because of the girls, all else is endured.

The fact is that girls, so far as the masculine majority is concerned, satisfy the basic entertainment need. Combine woman and song, and an atmosphere of gayety, perhaps spurious, is produced. It was ever so. On the frontier the dance hall girls supplied it. In the colorful era of the San Francisco Barbary Coast, signs in front of the honky-tonks read "Come in and see our girls." Today the same demand must be satisfied. Every purveyor of theatrical fare has realized the necessity of including the girls on his menu.

The burlesque producer well knows what it is that is keeping him in automobiles, and so he is doing everything in his power to render better service. The runway brings the hip-agitators as near to the spectators as possible without having them actually sitting in the customers' laps. But that is not enough. The audience must be made to feel at home, and to this end various devices are employed. In some theatres chorus girls serve as ushers, and in the performance of their duties they are not encumbered with superabundance of wardrobe. One enterprising manager has arranged to have the coryphees dance with the customers before the show and during intermission. Another variation is to have the hired girl friends personally instruct the patrons in the art of the dance. Sometimes the frantic females dance up and down the aisles. All this is calculated to make of the cast and audience one big, happy family. One waits with anticipation tinged with trepidation to see what further measures will be adopted to enhance family bliss and contentment.

And what of the girls themselves? Theirs might not seem to be a singularly attractive occupation. The work they are required to do is not only laborious

and taxing, but subjects its practitioners to disesteem and oftentimes insult. Nor is their pay stupendous. Yet the producers have no difficulty in recruiting choristers. It was not ever so, for in other times to enter burlesque was a last resort. Consequently the former burlesque girls were antiquated and often adipose matrons. This is all changed. Now the chorines are young and sprightly; in fact, ninety per cent of the burlesque houris today are still in their teens. Most of them hope to use burlesque merely as a stepping stone to higher



IN THE UNDRESSED OPERA

The comedians represent the height of ludicrousness, the chorus girls try to represent sex appeal for the masses, with minimum costumes

things. Most of them remain seemingly untouched by their work, and lead lives comparable in virtue to those of stenographers. They are a sentimental, romantic lot. They worship and feel maternal toward the men of their companies. They consume large quantities of love-story magazines. Some even support husbands. But to the customers out front they're just a bevy of "red hot mammas." Though they continue in their profession, few like it. "It's no fun going out there and shaking," is the way they express it. But it is a living, and it's honest work. It isn't dull. And they may reach Broadway or Holly-

wood. Recruits, therefore, are plentiful.

One of the most important factors in the growth of burlesque has been the rise of the burlesque stock company. Stock burlesque has patent advantages over traveling or wheel burlesque. The chief one is that stock burlesque can take more liberties, be more off-color, get away with more, wear less. The stock organization, working constantly at one theatre in one city, can know just how far the police will let it go, and can undress its company and allow its comedians latitude accordingly. *Variety*, the theatrical magazine, says: "They [the burlesque patrons] have come to take casually feminine displays that would have created a riot a dozen years ago." Each year the burlesque producers have been tearing their hair in efforts to subtract inches from costumes and make them more diaphanous, and nevertheless keep from meeting the judge. Once in a while a producer gets religion, and attempts to put clothes on the ladies and whitewash the humor, but the box office suffers so measurably when he does that he abandons this immaculate conception in haste.

Stock burlesque is the leader in new and daring departures, and profits accordingly. Two decades ago, stock burlesque was unknown. Today no sizable city is without at least one stock company, and the large urban centers have many. Stock burlesque has the advantage, and is developing so rapidly that it threatens serious impairment of the earnings of the traveling companies. It is, in fact, causing the itinerant producers to bestir themselves. That the migratory organization views competing stock companies with alarm is evidenced by the fact that the Mutual Burlesque Association has recently substituted a policy of stock burlesque at one or two of its theatres during a regular season—an unheard-of departure. There's a battle waging.

Burlesque is what its patrons want it to be, and their wants are the result of what they themselves are. The average audience is drawn largely from workers in factory and shop, people who rarely, if ever, witness any other type of stage performance. They are sons of toil, plain, uneducated, and untroubled by abstruse reflection. They know nothing of subtlety. For them sublimation is difficult. Their interests and lives are narrow and circumscribed. Sex in their lives is all-important and ever-present. It is dirty, and to see sex paraded before them, burlesqued and travestied, has all the naughtiness attached to the violation of a taboo.

Since the spectators are not mental

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➡ Death Comes to a Crusader ◀

The New York World Passes—Arch-Foe of Corruption

By WILLIAM P. BEAZELL

A NARROW ROOM, two-thirds the length of a city block. Yellow wainscoting, once white walls and a gray, sound-absorbing ceiling, gossamer and dusty under the glare of long rows of lamps. One window opening on City Hall Park, two on a glimpse of the East River, all the others on towering brick walls across a slit of a street. A line of pillars arabesqued by inky hands. Phalanxes of telephones, pyramiding newspaper files, an always littered floor. At either end of the room the desks of authority. Between them serried typewriter desks, edge to edge, and a separate group fashioned into a great H. A bulletin board barnacled with importances and impertinences. Letter boxes and a shelf of directories burying a dictionary dogeared to twice its natural size.

Empty, as shabby and forbidding a room as any loft. Filled with the men who made *The World*, a vivid, irresistible room. And it was there, in the city room, that *The World* was made—*The World* whose passing on the Black Friday of February 27 was as real a tragedy outside the organization as it was inside; *The World* that no hyphen can bring back or keep alive in spirit or in fact.

This is no arbitrary symbolism. *The World* became, and remained, great because it held close and understanding touch with the people of its community, and it is in city rooms that such touches are made and kept—and lost. More than ninety per cent of *The World's* circulation lay in the metropolitan area; less than eighty per cent of the circulation of the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* is there. *The World* was a New York paper; its interests and its sympathies were of New York. To a peculiar degree it had, as well, the cosmopolitanisms of New York, and in the breadth of its range its essentially local emphasis was not always realized. It was an emphasis as true of form as it was of content, and its influence was as real outside New York as it was within. Because of it, its editorial and critical opinions were awaited and heeded. Because of it, it became preeminently a "newspaperman's paper," and numberless ways it pointed will still be followed though it treads them no more.

This intimacy with its people was *The World's* oldest tradition. Six days after Joseph Pulitzer bought it from Jay Gould in 1883 it began its first campaign in their behalf—a demand that the Brooklyn Bridge (just being brought

to completion) should be free. Two years later it attained its first great success—the building through popular subscription of the pedestal for Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. By 1889, when the cornerstone of the \$2,500,000-building on Park Row was laid, it was no mere figure of speech when Mr. Pulitzer declared that this edifice owes its existence to the public; that its architect is popular favor; that its every stone comes from the public and represents public approval for public services rendered.

Each year that passed thereafter had its contribution to the common good. The list is far too long for even a summary, but those were golden years in newspaper history which were marked by such achievements as *The World's* revelations of life insurance company corruption and the Hughes investigation that ensued, and by *The World's* munificent contribution to the freedom of the press in thwarting the Government's claim to the right to allege and prosecute for libel which followed the uncovering of the Panama Canal scandals.

Steadily the record lengthened until in fourteen years nine of the Columbia University prizes for distinguished journalistic accomplishment diplomas came to *The World*: in 1917 to Herbert Bayard Swope for his brilliant dispatches from Germany in 1916; in 1920 to John J. Leary, Jr., for his chronicles of the coal strike of 1919; in 1921 to Louis Seibold for his historic interview with Woodrow Wilson; to the paper itself in 1922 for its baring of the Ku Klux Klan and in 1924 for its story of Martin Tabert and peonage in Florida; in 1922, 1925 and 1929 to Rollin Kirby for his cartoons. In 1929 the diploma and medal for public service came to the *Evening World*.

It is a singular and a significant thing that of these awards only that to the *Evening World* was on the editorial side. For Mr. Pulitzer, Don C. Seitz has said, "the editorial page was the paper." Nothing else engaged his attention, his suggestions, his criticism, his aspirations as it did. Nothing repaid him more fully than it did, it may be added, for throughout his lifetime under William H. Merrill and Frank I. Cobb, and after his death under Mr. Cobb and Walter Lippmann it was the foremost forum of opinion in America. No more

thrilling newspaper narrative has ever been written than John L. Heaton's *The Story of a Page* which tells what the editorial writers of *The World* did for their generation. Its one lack is Mr. Heaton's careful suppression of his own part in the splendid contribution.

Extraordinary distinction came to *The World* because of its editorial page. No newspaper, perhaps, was ever more heartily or more widely acclaimed than was it for the vision and the vigor, often the vehemence, of its views. Yet the fact remains that *The World's* strongest appeal to its people and its firmest hold upon their affection and support lay in its news pages. It thought their thoughts, it cherished their hopes, it spoke their language, it fought their fights. Their recognition of this found expression in the fact that readers of *The World* grew in number to a million a day, a figure maintained until the end. (I do not speak of circulation, it is to be noted. That average for the past ten years has been 350,000.)

In terms of financial return the record was even more extraordinary. Joseph Pulitzer bought *The World* for cash, from earnings of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*. From the day of its purchase not a dollar of borrowed money was ever used in the conduct or the expansion of *The World*. It never sold a share of stock or a bond. Even when it was driving on the reefs and Herbert, Ralph and Joseph Pulitzer declared in court that only \$500,000 of available funds remained, every dollar of that represented earnings held in reserve.

When the Pulitzer Building was erected at a cost of \$2,500,000 Joseph Pulitzer was so proud of the fact that *The World's* own money built it he got a certificate from the county clerk attesting it. Not even during his spectacular and costly fight with William Randolph Hearst was it necessary for him to seek even temporary outside aid, and Mr. Hearst testified later that he was compelled to draw \$8,000,000 from his father's estate to cover his expenses. So it went through the years, and it is probable that no other newspaper property in the United States can show a like record. Five years ago the rebuilding of the press rooms of *The World* entailed a cost of more than \$2,000,000—all paid from earnings. An adjunct plant erected across Frankfort street cost another \$500,000—paid from earnings. A Harlem plant for the *Evening World* which was constructed last year

cost \$150,000—paid from earnings.

How, then, was it possible for so great and so powerful an organization to reach such straits as those pictured in the petition to the court?

Many answers have been offered to this question; many more will be. Perhaps the true answer may never be found. It is possible, however, to set forth some of the factors.

From the beginning the *Evening World* was financially a hindrance rather than an aid. Mr. Seitz characterized it in his life of Joseph Pulitzer as requiring *The World* to do two dollars of work for one dollar of return. There were few years when both *The World* and the *Evening World* made money, though most of the years until 1927 were fat.

When the earnings of one rose the earnings of the other fell; there came a time when the *Evening World* was not making money at all. Then the device was hit upon of offering to advertisers space in "the three Worlds." They might use the space as they chose in the morning, the evening or the Sunday editions. The solicitors emphasized the advantages of the *Evening*; its lineage grew steadily and presently it was making money, and

a great deal of it. *The World*, however, and to an even greater extent the *Sunday World*, went abruptly into the red. Too late, as it proved, effort was made to shift advertising support to these

F. P. A. came over from the *Tribune* with his "Conning Tower." Heywood Brown, already doing theatrical criticism, was dowered with a column, "It Seems To Me." Laurence Stallings, then

a copy editor, introduced daily criticisms of books and bookmen in "The First Reader." Presently Alexander Woolcott came to do theatres; Samuel Chotzinoff came to do music; Frank Sullivan began his whimsicalities; Albert Frueh, incomparable among caricaturists, was appearing daily—presently, in a word, the whole character of *The World* had been changed.

Changed, because a new mood came to the news columns as well as to these others. Things *The World* had never done before became part of its routine

—Wall Street and its markets were given pages instead of the traditional columns; sports were expanded to a place of fixed importance. Such features as News Outside the Door, This World We Live In and All in the Day's Work were introduced. In less than two years the clientele of *The World* had been made over sixty per cent—an unparalleled achievement. It was a better news-

(Please Turn to Page 382)



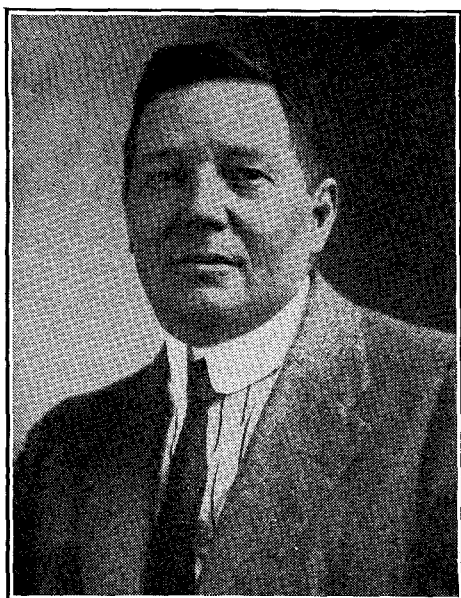
"TAMMANY"—ONE OF ROLLIN KIRBY'S GREATEST CARTOONS

For seventeen years *The World's* political cartoonist, Mr. Kirby rivalled the great Nast in personifying and crucifying the organizations opposed by *The World*. The figure of the G. O. P. shown here is considered one of his best creations. Mr. Kirby won his third Pulitzer prize with this cartoon, which appeared in *The World* in 1929.

papers, but what were solicitors to do who had, so shortly before, acclaimed the superior opportunities of the *Evening World*? The real turn in the affairs of *The World* came in 1929 when the total losses were more than \$750,000, and the *Evening World* barely broke even. The next year the *Evening World* shifted its balance to the other side of the ledger and total losses exceeded \$1,500,000.

Meantime, an extraordinary change was being brought about in the clientele of *The World*. Herbert Bayard Swope had become executive editor. An editorial council had been created at whose table sat Ralph Pulitzer, who was becoming more and more active in routine affairs; Florence D. White, the general manager; Frank I. Cobb, the editor; John O'Hara Cosgrave, the Sunday editor, and Mr. Swope. Three times a week they reviewed the past and looked into the future. A new conception took form of the place *The World* might occupy in New York. Without sacrificing in any sense its popular appeal or without mitigating in any way its sense of popular responsibility, it was proposed to introduce an intellectual emphasis—something that no newspaper was then doing in New York if, indeed, any newspaper ever had.

The consequence was the "op.ed. page," the page opposite the editorial.



CRUSADER

As editor of *The World*, the late Frank I. Cobb made the editorial page preeminent among American dailies.



NEWSBOY

Starting as a newsboy in Indianapolis, Roy W. Howard has risen to the chairmanship of directors of Scripps-Howard newspapers, which now acquire the once mighty *World* newspapers

The New Books

The Week's Reading

THE Quick and the Dead" by Gamaliel Bradford (Houghton, Mifflin \$3.50). Leaving the great figures of the past, Gamaliel Bradford attempts in this volume of essays, psychographs (his own word) of seven contemporaries. Roosevelt, Wilson and Lenin are dead, but they are as living a part of our world as Edison and Ford, Mussolini and Calvin Coolidge, and the difficulty which the psychographer encounters when he turns his camera upon the present is evident from the first page of this book. Mr. Bradford is entirely fair. It is remarkable how little his own feelings about his subjects have gotten in the way of his impersonal and rather icy lens. Only in the case of Henry Ford can one find a touch of malice, and who can blame Mr. Bradford for that? What he says is true. But if the writer can keep his feelings out of the way, the reader cannot. Your reviewer, for instance, is quite sure that Mr. Bradford's camera was not big enough for its subject when it was turned on Wilson. You may think the same of the psychograph of Mussolini or that of Coolidge. Mr. Bradford makes more of the statesmen than he does of the inventor or the motor magnate. Writing of Roosevelt, he interests himself most in Roosevelt's escape from reality, and in the quality of his thinking. He says, "He did not stop to think what a cruel reflection upon life it is that the best thing in it is the passion which makes us forget it"; and, of Roosevelt's thinking, "the breadth was greater than the depth"; and, of the "unreality of forced optimism" (a common American trait), he describes Roosevelt as "forcing optimism, forcing enjoyment with the desperate instructive appreciation that if he let the pretense drop for a moment, the whole scheme of things would vanish away." Writing of Wilson, Mr. Bradford says that "the rocklike persistence of the convictions seems to be the thing that stands out with most of his associates and will be likely to stand out in history." He speaks of "intellectual arrogance," of "the emphasis on being loved, not on loving," and of the "lofty ideal aims of Wilson's political life," but his last words on Wilson, true as they are, scarcely seem adequate. Your reviewer finds nothing to quote in the papers on Edison or Ford, except the words of Wilson which Mr. Bradford himself quotes in speaking of Ford's great decision that history is "bunk"—"The worst possible enemy to society

is the man who with a strong faculty for reasoning and for action is cut loose in his standards of judgment from the past." In his essay on Lenin, prefaced by a most disarming paragraph, one finds that Mr. Bradford has been especially impressed by the curiously dehumanized figure which Lenin presented to the world, and by his scorn for the very individuals of the proletariat into whose hands he hoped to place his remade world. Mussolini appears in Mr.

Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY Co., Denver; TEOLIN PILLOT Co., Houston; PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON Co., Baltimore; EMBURY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

Fiction

Grand Hotel, by Vicki Baum: Doubleday Doran. A fine translation of a German novel, the dramatization of which is Broadway's favored child. Reviewed January 7.

Reader, I Married Him, by Anne Green: Dutton. Another delightful novel by the author of *The Selbys*. Reviewed February 18.

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

Imperial Palace, by Arnold Bennett: Doubleday Doran. A great London hotel is the real heroine of this long novel in which the overwhelming wealth of detail obscures the interest of characters and plot. Bennett's best in many years. Reviewed in issue of December 17.

The Bitter Tea of General Yen, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs-Merrill. Delightfully told adventures of an American girl in revolutionary China. Reviewed October 22.

Non-Fiction

Hard Lines, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the *New Yorker*. Reviewed January 28.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. Reviewed in this issue.

Lincoln the Man, by Edgar Lee Masters: Dodd, Mead. A partisan rather than judicial biography. Reviewed February 18.

The Science of Life, by Wells, Huxley and Wells: Doubleday, Doran. Science and its relation to life in two volumes. Reviewed February 4.

Bradford's portrait just as he appears to most of us—"he identifies himself with, merges himself in, the grandeur and the glory of Italy." The comparison to Napoleon in the "strange tangle of dream and reality . . . of hardest, closest grip on fact with the maddest reveries," is not one that the Duce would enjoy. In the final essay on Coolidge, "The Genius of the Average," Mr. Bradford is at his very best. In the case of all these men, ambition is found to be the ruling passion, not vulgar ambition, but ambition inextricably interwoven with idealism and, usually, with a reforming spirit. A readable and often

provocative book, but not one of Gamaliel Bradford's best.

THE Name of Action" by Graham Greene (Doubleday, Doran \$2.50). Lovers of romance in the high tradition should rejoice in this young English writer. His first novel, *The Man Within*, was a promise, fulfilled in the new book. Reviewers cannot pay any attention to the jacket descriptions of books, but readers usually do, and they should not be turned aside from *The Name of Action* by the portentous description "psychological melodrama." Psychology there certainly is and melodrama, but both are subordinated to and embodied in a spirited narrative, sensitive characterizations and fine descriptions. Mr. Greene is a cousin of Stevenson's, and there is, oddly enough, some resemblance to Stevenson's in the young novelist's work. The interest in style is strong. At times the figures are a little overweighted and hint at the possibility of Greene's falling into the fault of preciousness. But as a rule they are graceful and apt. Such a phrase as "he saw her pride run down like a flag" is typical of Greene's originality and skill. The excellent story of *The Name of Action* concerns an episode in the life of a young English millionaire guided by nothing "save the quick changes of desire." Dreaming of barricades and cheers, this man finances a revolution in a little Rhineland republic, and falls in love with the adventurous wife of the dictator whom he seeks to depose. The dictator is deposed, but not by smuggled guns. The story closes in irony. The conqueror and the conquered, romantics in a practical world, the dictator who "would bind men with clean chains" and the lad who kissed a shadow on the garden wall are swept away on a blast of harsh laughter. Your reviewer commends this to readers who demand story and style.

THE Sophisticates" by Gertrude Atherton (Liveright \$2.50). Except for the opportunity which it gives for a sharp and clever picture of her group of "sophisticates," this novel offers Mrs. Atherton very little scope. The story is of a young woman in a middle western town who, married from school to the town millionaire, spends a few chrysalis years spinning her hatred of her husband into an unlovely cocoon, and then emerges as an intellectual butterfly. She queens it over a salon of smart chatterers. The millionaire husband is murdered; the young wife is

arrested and her friends and protégés believe her guilty and rejoice in this so modern that it is positively "primordial" gesture. The working out of the situation allows Mrs. Atherton space for little side comments on endocrinology, small town charity, business methods, depression and so forth. But the novel is by no means worthy of Mrs. Atherton's powers.

"SYMPATHETIC to Bare Feet" by Jonathan Leonard (Viking Press \$2.50). Leonard is a very skilful, vigorous and original writer who should be better known than he is. There is nothing esoteric about this novel except its rather heavily underscored title. The story has to do with an egotistical and bombastic old inventor who tries to shape up and straighten out and put together the lives of his granddaughter and other young people just as he has shaped and straightened and put together his famous box-making machine. The machine bites, so to speak, the hand that fed it, "unfilial," one of the characters calls it. But the granddaughter is equally recalcitrant, only, being human, the anguish is hers and not her grandfather's, for he can smash up humans as well as machines. The character of the inventor, Daniel Mannister, is a striking one, drawn with bold yet careful lines. And the restless turmoil of young people in a mill town, struggling with social distinctions, with problems of conduct and with the exhausting sameness of village life, is brilliantly suggested. An undercurrent of sardonic mirth runs through the novel, and a fantastic touch is given by the handling of some scenes and by a certain repetition of phrases.

"SANCTUARY" by William Faulkner (Cape and Smith \$2.50). William Faulkner's exclusive interest in vicious and degenerate characters is likely some time to put a sharp limit to the value of his work. But in this novel it enables him to present a horrifying morality play on the theme of Don't Monkey With the Buzz-Saw. And his harsh, sullen style, admirably suited to the scenes which he describes, is far clearer and more direct than in his previous books. No key is needed to unlock this story of what happens to children who break the law for fun when they fall foul of men and women who break it for money. A drunken boy and a silly girl find their way into a tumble-down house in the Tennessee woods. They are looking for whiskey. What they get is told with insistent strokes like a hammer pounding the letters of the theme into sheet iron. The story peters out

and would have been as, if not more, effective if it had not been continued to novel length. This novel will not please, but it can scarcely fail to interest. Unrelieved by warmth, only grudgingly pitiful, shot by flashes of grim humor, it is a powerful book, and one bound to add considerably to its author's reputation.

"THE Good Hope" by Henry Sydnor Harrison (Houghton, Mifflin \$2). For a contrast to Mr. Faulkner's brutal melodrama, but a contrast that is fair enough because so typically American, the reader may turn to this posthumous novel, a very short one, by the author of *Queed* and *V. V.'s Eyes*, books once very popular and still readable for their freshness, humor and delightful characterizations. *The Good Hope* is the story of a modern miracle, of how a young man who had been a plodder, then a gambler in stocks with money to burn, then a victim of the market crash and almost a suicide, was saved by the intervention of deathless love. This is naturally a sentimental tale; but it escapes mawkishness because of the clever and restrained way in which the dream quality of the miracle scenes is suggested. The characters are ably handled and the atmosphere of the 1929 panic in New York is perfectly conveyed. Harrison was an able writer. This novel shows that his hand did not lose its cunning. A great many people will weep over this little story—nothing to be ashamed of either.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

"CADILLAC" by Agnes C. Laut (Bobbs, Merrill \$3.75). It is indeed surprising to know that this is the first biography of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, who was second only to Frontenac in the French advance toward what is now our Northwestern territory, long commander at Mackinac, and founder of Detroit. There are reasons, however, for this lack of recognition: the French power in America dwindled; Cadillac's latter life was turgid and not fortunate; the records bearing on his adventures and services were so fragmentary that Parkman threw up his hands and gave up the task of disentangling. Fortunately in our day much new material has been found in Paris, Quebec, New Orleans, Moscow and elsewhere. Out of this Miss Laut, a practised writer and long a student of our midwestern and western history, has made a clear and picturesque account of Cadillac's fights with Indians and English, his brilliant explorations, his romantic adventures, and his misfortunes.

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"PROLOGUE" by Charles S. Brooks (Harcourt, Brace \$3). In former volumes Mr. Brooks has made his readers companions in little journeys to nooks and byways in England. Now, in *Prologue*, he takes us with him into the pleasant places of his own childhood and youth. He uses as his prism to reproduce the colors and shadows of memory, that "rare mood which holds the sunset within a paragraph and tragedy's dark flame in the shallows of an ink-pot." Happily for the reader, his experiences were mostly cheerful; the pictures are joyous and are thrown on the screen with humor and imagination. The Henry Marston of the narrative was indeed a lucky boy to have for his play and plots a rare attic in a fine old house with secret hiding places and stores of material for adventure. And when he came to Yale he found in New Haven old lines of family and friendly association. He seems to have had an instinct for remembering or acquiring pleasant things and enjoyable memories. In one tiny point, however, his New Haven memory is at fault; for, if he saw students bouncing balls "at the corner of Chapel Street and Elm," he did something that Euclid couldn't, i.e., made two parallel lines meet. Altogether, the volume is charming in its sensitive and receptive moods and its quietly persuasive, friendly outlook on life.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

Behind the Blurbs

WAS Sir Patrick O'Connor murdered? Let M. P. Shiel tell you about it in *The Black Box*¹, written in the intricate English of which, whether you like it or not, he certainly is master. But we doubt if you'll guess the explanation of the mysterious goings on at Clonnach that night of the flood, when the banshee wailed and the baronet died, nor what parts were taken by Monk, the butler, Foy, the baronet's niece, and Dr. White-Deighton, his physician. But Agnes Heygate guessed right in a remarkable piece of detective work. *** Frederic F. Van De Water has written another good one, *Havoc*², wherein the aunt of the criminologist, Benedict Garr, is murdered near her camp in the Canadian woods, how and by whom nobody knows. The hard-boiled cop, Captain Levine, late of the New York police, has his theories, and so has the sardonic Garr, and between these two is a duel of wits which ends in an entirely logical but most surprising manner. This one will make you laugh and make you jump—what more do you want? *** An ex-

cellent little book for the traveler who has never visited Sicily and wants to know what he will find there, is *High Spots of Sicily*³, by Arnold Wood. In its 59 pages it gives a complete and succinct account of the island, its towns, scenery and antiquities—enough to whet the appetite of the traveler, and to give him a clear idea when he gets there of the things he will most want to see. *** *Murder Madness*⁴ is one of those thrillers that live up to their titles. The Master had discovered a poison that drove its victims slowly and ferociously insane. And he had a neat little scheme for getting control of the entire world. Slip a little of this dope in some unsuspecting diplomat's food, and the diplomat becomes his slave. Word of all this had reached Washington, and Charley Ross went down to South America to investigate. He stole airplanes, dodged poison, pistolled, bombed and slugged his enemies, and by the exercise of almost super-fictional resourcefulness and nerve, brought the Master to nought. He had time in the lulls to get him a girl, too. Plenty exciting. *** John Held, Jr., has written a short novel, *Women Are Necessary*⁵, which is what you might call grim—the story of the making of a prostitute. Edna, an ordinary small town girl, doesn't seem to get a fair break from the day she is picked up by the brush salesman to the night when she puts the rubber tube from the gas jet in her mouth. It is very simply and baldly told, and the conversations are excellent, but it seems somehow intrinsically unreal to us. Read in twenty years, when the slang is out of date, this unreality will be more apparent. *** Some of the schoolboy howlers in *Boners*⁶ may be synthetic, and others of a pre-war vintage, but practically all of them are sparkling and stimulating. As a sample: "Little is known about the prophet Elijah, except that he once went for a cruise with a widow."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

3. Sears, \$1.50.

4. By Murray Leinster: Brewer & Warren, \$2.00.

5. Vanguard, \$2.00.

6. Viking, \$1.00.



1. Vanguard, \$2.00.
2. Crime Club, \$1.00.

Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

TSCHAIKOWSKY in a light and orchestrally brilliant mood is given to us by Brunswick in *Capriccio Italien* as played by Alois Melichar and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra¹. It takes up three twelve-inch sides and the fourth is appropriately enough devoted to the same orchestra's rendition of the same composer's *Polonaise* from the opera, *Eugen Onegin*. As usual in the Polydor recordings which Brunswick re-press for American distribution the disks are uncommonly neat and clear from the standpoint of reproduction and can be recommended.

Brunswick also perform a useful function for students of music when they issue *Et Incarnatus Est* and *Alleluja*², two interesting examples of Mozart's religious music which one would otherwise probably have difficulty in hearing. They are well performed by a soprano named Hedwig von Debicka and an orchestra under Julius Prüwer.

However, the best recording of a comparatively short orchestral selection that I have come across for a long time is Dr. Karl Muck's playing of the familiar *Siegfried-Idyll* with members of the Berlin State Opera Orchestra³. Perfection is the only word to describe Dr. Muck's interpretation of the beautiful Wagnerian tone poem, and the recording engineers have done their part of the work equally well.

According to Mr. Pakenham of the *New York Times*, there is a small theatre in Montparnasse devoted exclusively to the rendition, at a nominal price of admission, of the best and latest recordings. Why don't the American record sellers do something of that sort? They could charge just enough to pay the rent on the hall and I am sure it would be a great stimulus to sales. What could be more uncomfortable and distracting than the conditions under which one has to make record purchases now? The only place I have seen anything similar in America is on the boardwalk in Atlantic City and there the programs were none too bright.

While we're telling the phonograph companies how to run their business, I'd also like to know why the one American "torch singer" who puts over the impression that she really understands what she is singing about and how to sing it isn't given more to do. I refer to Grace Hayes, who has been absent from the disks since last summer.

O. C. T.

1. Brunswick, No. 90126-7.

2. Brunswick, No. 90129.

3. His Master's Voice, No. E.H. 561-2.

Internationalism

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D.C.

INTERNATIONALISM is the political enigma of the age. Can the community of competitive nations survive when the political incentive to competition is removed? Can international society survive without the surrender of sovereignty? Is the nation obsolete? Does the future of the world lie between economic and social forces, rather than between national and political forces? The man who can answer these questions is wiser than our day and generation.

An unusual book by an unknown New York corporation lawyer, who signs himself "Wells Wells," *Wilson the Unknown* (Scribner's), is a good introduction to the contemporary internationalist literature. This book outlines a unique human intelligence who conspired to build a new international society, by methods which were not over-nice or over-scrupulous, but whose practical justification is increased with every year. Edmond von Glaise-Horstenau's *The Collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire* (Dutton) is a monument to Wilson's work as an international politician, just as C. K. Leith's *World Minerals and World Politics* (McGraw-Hill) is a reminder of the economic necessities of mankind which predetermine international relations. Between a political force which can overthrow empires and the economic bait which creates them, what is the result?

The record of the past is clear. Christina Phelps' interesting and thorough study of *The Anglo-American Peace Movement of the Mid-Nineteenth Century* (Columbia Press) is the monument to a purely sentimental movement which collapsed in the face of the Crimean War and of the American Civil War. Similarly, *The International City of Tangier*, by Graham H. Stuart (Stanford Press), gives a thorough account of that unanswerable argument against international administration, the Moroccan port which faces Gibraltar.

Modern internationalism advances on a broader front, but its economic and administrative base is still inadequate. For example, the editor of *The World Tomorrow*, Mr. Devere Allen, persuasively describes *The Fight for Peace* (Macmillan), tracing the international peace movement for a century and rebutting arguments against the possibility of putting an end to war. Similarly, John Eugene Harley describes the "agencies educating for a new

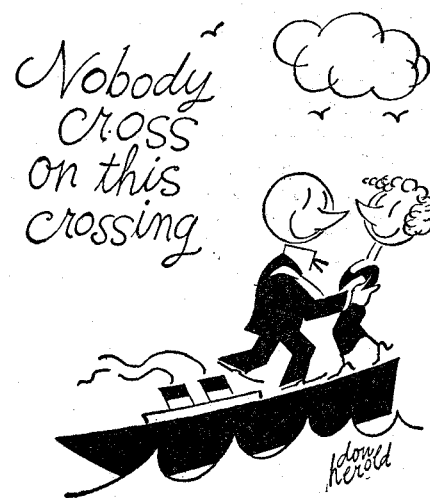
world" in *International Understanding* (Stanford Press), a hand-book of the institutes of politics, endowments and foundations, official and unofficial, working for peace and understanding. In *I. Americans* (Oxford Press), the adroit Salvador de Madaraiaga allows his lambent tongue to toy ironically with our attitude of detachment towards the wonders of the League of Nations.

Who would discourage or dismiss such publications? They are all fine, clean and encouraging. And yet, when we come down to economic brass tacks, it is difficult to find that international society has made any significant advance since Wilson forced his colleagues to sign on a lamentably few dotted lines at Versailles in 1919. Kenneth W. Colegrove's *International Control of Aviation* (World Peace Foundation) reminds us that the world has made woefully little progress towards accepting and applying equitable practice to a new form of international intercourse. Nations negotiate air monopolies on strategic islands and refuse to permit competitors to enjoy landing facilities. Every nation jockeys for aerial advantages and bargains for its rights. We find an ex-Premier of France, M. Edouard Herriot, advocating *The United States of Europe* (Viking Press), in a candid statement that Europe must combine in order to compete economically to greater advantage with the United States and Russia. Neither in reduction of trade barriers nor of armaments has the world followed the lines laid down by Wilson in his Fourteen Points, and the economic and political struggle is still distracting the policies and dissipating the energies of the world's nations. We find as sober and soldierly a man as Colonel K. A. Bratt of the Swedish army pointing out in *That Next War?* (Harcourt, Brace) that the victorious Allies have been playing with fire in refusing to live up to their engagement to disarm, entered into at Versailles, and warning the world that if war comes it will be even more destructive than the last war.

The difficulty seems to be that it will take time and require readjustments for the advantages of practical economic internationalism to be realized, while the advantages of economic nationalism are immediate. Only the compulsion of economic distress or political danger can disarm the world's nationalists, who have hitherto found safety in sovereignty and profit in power.

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►► The Latest Plays ◄◄

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

MAYHEM—that's all it was. Unfortunately there will be no apprehension, conviction and punishment of the criminals. The law only provides for such measures to be directed against monsters who practice crimes against human beings. A delightful book has no legal defense. Vandals like Walter Greenough and the Theatre Assembly can take a completely charming phantasy like the late Elinor Wylie's *The Venetian Glass Nephew* and subject it to all sorts of indignities. What can be done about it? Very little. By the time dramatic critics are allowed to view the carnage, almost all the possible harm has been done.

All that remains for us to do is to try to spare the sensibilities of such lovers of the book as might be inveigled into going to see the play by warning them that if they do go they are in for an uncommonly uncomfortable evening.

Not that Ruth Hale's dramatization or Eugene Bonner's music are bad at all. They aren't, or at least seem not to be in comparison with the production. "A little opera" is what *The Venetian Glass Nephew* is called in its present form. Miss Hale and Mr. Bonner have supplied a libretto and a score quite in the spirit of the novel, but between the direction of Mr. Greenough, the acting of practically the entire company and the clumsy, unimaginative sets, costumes and lighting of a Mr. Edgar Bohlman, it just never has a chance.

As a matter of fact, I think it is that very phrase, "A little opera," that is at the root of a lot of the trouble. *The Venetian Glass Nephew* really isn't an opera at all of any size. It is slightly satiric light comedy in Eighteenth Century costumes involving a postulatory acceptance of the possibility of the efficacy of magic. The music is, and properly so, mainly incidental—used to heighten the atmospheric and stylistic effect. It is never bravura or obtrusive and is distinguished by its delicacy and charmingly simple melodic qualities. It

puts no terrific strain on the vocal proficiency of the performers. But there was that word "opera." So Mr. Greenough hired some of the members of the extinct American Opera Company who are not in the movies or the clutches of the Shuberts and presumably thought that because they could sing better than the average actor their acting wouldn't matter. Granting freely that their movements are unduly constricted by the awkward settings, there is still no excuse for such absolutely uncomprehending and parrot-like reading of lines as the cast indulged in—particularly George Houston and Mary Silveira. Even as singers they must be

scolded for making no effort whatsoever to make us hear the lyrics of the songs.

It is all very much too bad, for with actors of competence and distinction directed by some one with a sense of style *The Venetian Glass Nephew* might have been the perfect antidote to the vulgarity and tastelessness of *America's Sweetheart* or *The Gang's All Here*.

"PAGING DANGER" is one of those things in which the young son of a millionaire soap manufacturer, returning somewhat the worse for wear from an all-night party, conceives the idea of proving to his snobbish friends that heredity is nothing and environment is all by turning the new parlor maid into a Russian princess. The parlor maid accepts the rôle of Cinderella quite willingly and, after spending several thousand dollars of the young man's fortune on clothes, jewelry, and a Rolls-Royce, proceeds to humiliate his climbing and snobbish friends and relations. The young hero complicates matters by falling in love with her just as she is about to be exposed as an impostor, when—believe it or not—she is suddenly discovered to be a genuine princess and love conquers all. Eric Dressler did his best as the heir to the soap king's millions, but no stretch of the imagination could make *Paging Danger* appear more than hopelessly amateur.

Recommended Current Shows

Civic Repertory: Last weeks of Eva Le Gallienne's excellent company before a year's layoff.

Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook pleasantly mad to music.

Five Star Final: Exciting melodrama about the wicked tabloids.

Girl Crazy: The best musical comedy score in town, well played and sung.

Grand Hotel: Good theatre.

Mrs. Moonlight: Tender, sentimental English play with some laughs, too.

Oh, Promise Me: Nothing delicate about this rowdy farce.

Once in a Lifetime: Intimating that most of the humor in Hollywood is unintended.

On the Spot: Satiric melodrama about Chicago by Edgar Wallace.

Private Lives: In which deft writing, perfect acting and brilliant direction combine.

Sweet and Low: Three good tunes and Fannie Brice and Jim Barton.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Interesting, if faulty, play with Katharine Cornell at her best.

The Green Pastures: Deservedly in its second calendar year.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's first good serious play beautifully acted.

Vinegar Tree: Imaginary infidelities amusingly muddled by Mary Boland.

►► The New Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

►► "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room"

FOR some reason this brand new, all-talking and quite serious version of the old temperance play seems to be the most interesting film of the week. It was produced independently by a certain Mr. L. E. Goetz, who vehemently protests that he has no connection whatever with any anti-liquor group, but is interested solely in box office receipts. The new *Ten Nights* is more coherent and more plausible than when it was recently seen on the stage in New York, but it still has a late nineteenth century aroma which this reviewer found rather fascinating. Again the honest miller is lured on to have "just another little drink" at Slade's saloon, and again the swinging doors are pushed open by the tiny hands of the drunkard's frail and sickly daughter as she pleads in her baby treble, "Daddy, dear daddy, come home with me now." A prologue to the story, taking place in 1931, shows the new Sickie and Sheaf Hotel on the site of the old saloon. Asked for a "prescription" by a pair of traveling men, the local doctor refuses, telling them the story of *Ten Nights* instead. "Of course," he begins, "we have no liquor problem here now . . ."

►► Making 'em Suffer

When the news got about last August that *Common Clay* was coining money, orders were immediately issued in Hollywood to keep on making the woman suffer. Drammer of "the woman pays" variety has always been good business but seldom have we had as many mistreated ladies as in the past eight months. Following *Common Clay* there were *Our Blushing Brides*, *Eyes of the World*, *DuBarry*, *Mothers Cry*, *Illicit*, *Resurrection*, *Inspiration*, *Millie*, and *East Lynne*, all of which have proved conclusively that men are all cads and beasts and that we girls have a terrible

time escaping from their clutches.

This week we have *The Easiest Way*, a new edition of the old tear-wringer, in which Constance Bennett escapes from a glittering, diamond-studded existence provided by the too-slick Mr.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: Again poor old Emil Jannings gets mixed up with a blonde (Marlene Dietrich).

By Rocket to the Moon: An ingenious fantasy by those machine-minded Germans (silent). **Cimarron:** Early days in Oklahoma—the best pioneer film yet made. From Edna Ferber's novel.

City Lights: Charlie Chaplin's latest—you start out laughing but you end up crying. **Inspiration:** Your Greta Garbo and mine is as stunning as ever in a sleazy story on the *Camille* pattern.

Little Caesar: Edward G. Robinson as Chicago's First Citizen—Al Capone.

Rango: Ernest Schoedsack's film about monkeys, apes and tigers. Pleasant pictures but not much story.

Trader Horn: All about Nina, the white goddess, who lived in the jungle full of lions, rhinos and wild savages.

From Abroad

Comrades of 1918 (Westfront 1918 Vier von der Infanterie): In German. A devastatingly realistic war picture.

The Night is Ours (La Nuit est a nous): In French. Amusing light comedy featuring some auto races and a man who puts through a phone call from Paris to Palermo, a thing few Americans will believe.

When Naples Sings (Napoli che Canta): In Italian. Mussolini is giving bonuses for the best native talkies. This shows how a noble Italian-American goes back to his military duty. Only part talking. Good pictures of Naples.

while Monroe Owsley, her no-account husband, leads her from one misery to another. Rescue is provided in the form of Frederic March, her former boss, whose earnest and plausible invitations to a life of sin had previously frightened her into matrimony. For comedy you have Charles Ruggles and Ginger Rogers. If the story is too involved to be good, you have the lovely Claudette Colbert to make you forget, and Frederic March's performance to keep you interested.

►► "Pagliacci"

This is the first grand opera to come to the screen intact, and it's about the duller evening I ever spent. It is the work of Fortune Gallo and his San Carlo Opera Company which has toured the United States for many seasons. No attempt whatever was made to translate the thing into a moving picture. One badly painted stage set is used for the entire two hours, and to make matters worse the sound recording is of 1928 vintage, when all the actors seemed to be in the bottom of an empty gas tank. There is a rumor that a German company is going to do Wagner out of doors with real mountains and rivers—which would be something pretty swell.

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►► Musical Reminiscence-Hunting ◀◀

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

THE daily press, for the past fortnight, has been the arena of a verbal battle over Mr. Lawrence Gilman's severe criticism of Mr. Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson*. The opening gun was fired by Dr. Walter Damrosch, who accused Mr. Gilman of taking the tone of a district attorney, prosecuting Mr. Taylor for daring to write an opera. Dr. Damrosch also implied that the time and labor spent by a compatriot on such a work should entitle it to a friendly review. Mr. Gilman and Mr. Olin Downes rightly rejoined that a fair appraisal of any work can only be based on the work itself, never on extraneous circumstances. But neither critical spokesman answered the main imputation of unfairness.

It seems to the writer that Dr. Damrosch could have brought yet another charge against the article in question, a charge which, if less obvious, is really graver. For Mr. Gilman's review displays at times the genuinely harmful critical viewpoint of the reminiscence-hunter.

Reminiscence-hunting, let us explain, is a sport formerly quite popular among musical critics. It consists of reviewing a new piece by the simple expedient of dwelling mainly on its points of resemblance to the work of other composers. It is now, happily, on the wane among the critical fraternity, though still practiced by a few—possibly because it is an easy way to fill space.

The technic of this great sport is best explained by an illustration, which, to avoid heartburnings, we shall cull from the past. Early in the Nineteenth Century there lived a French composer named Hérold, whose sole title to fame is *Zampa*, a grand opera which had a great vogue for many years, later executing a dignified retreat to the attic, in company with Rogers groups, anti-macassars, the poems of Felicia Hemans and moustache cups. Its overture, however, is still occasionally played by brass bands. Now, when Brahms' Third Symphony was first performed in New York, one of our local critics made the startling discovery that the first four notes of its slow movement were the same as those of one of the principal arias in *Zampa*. Immediately this musical sage set up a loud cry of "plagiarism," even trying to christen the Brahms work by the name of the *Zampa* Symphony. The gentleman's familiarity with the literature of music evidently did not extend as far as Bach or Mozart, in whose

works he might easily have found other examples of the same four notes.

One might, along these lines, imagine a criticism of *Meistersinger* something like this:

"Mr. Wagner shows a decided gift for instrumentation, but his music seems deficient in originality, being strongly influenced by Bach, Weber, Beethoven and Liszt. A flagrant example of this is the 'prize song' in the third act, whose first notes coincide exactly with those of the Adagio in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

"How preposterous that sounds!" thinks the reader. Yet just that sort of twaddle is often being written today by men who should know better. A little thought will make it only too clear that, were this system of criticism to be impartially applied, no composer, not even the greatest, could escape damnation. Beethoven's music is full of reminders of Bach, Haydn and Mozart. Wagner frequently draws upon Bach, Beethoven, Weber and Liszt. Strauss is indebted to many, ranging from Wagner even to Donizetti. Debussy derives largely from Moussorgsky, Palestrina and the Gregorians. The main theme of Cesar Franck's magnificent Symphony may be found in Liszt's "Les Préludes." One could continue *ad infinitum*.

But what of it? Why waste time worrying over the origin of the bricks, if the structure as a whole be an original creation? In truth, the derivation of the material used in an art-work is of little or no intrinsic importance—it is only the finished whole that matters. Two great painters may use the same subject and composition—and yet how vastly different will be the resulting pictures!

It is, then, a real misfortune that so many of our composers have allowed themselves to be spiritually bulldozed by "criticism" of the reminiscence-hunting type. They become afraid to lead their melodies and harmonies naturally, lest, perchance, they might resemble, even superficially, the music of So-and-So.

It is, perhaps, not quite fair to blame the composer for this unhappy state of affairs. The fault, in the first place, is really not his. Yet it is impossible to acquit him of a certain lack of courage, when he weakly allows himself to be turned aside from the one true gate to Parnassus. To that gate, there is but a single key, which has been used by every great composer since music was born.

That key is "B natural."

Prose and Worse

WE passed on to Mr. Meadowcroft the letter from the lady mouse in Yonkers, Angelique. Though he feels that much of the letter is too personal to be printed here, he permits us to quote the following: "I just know your name is Hubert, and I like Hubert, though one of that name did hunt our ancestors once. This tradition has come down through the family. I used to think that Mickey Mouse was wonderful, but I don't care for that Hollywood set any more . . . I feel I could care for a brave mouse who still would appreciate a quiet home life."

In his reply, which is admirably impersonal and diplomatic, Mr. Meadowcroft says: "I do indeed appreciate a quiet home life, yet until my quest is ended and Rhoda is found I feel that I have no right to form other ties which might hamper me in my search. Nor would I be justified in asking any one to share the dangers of my present life. What the future may bring, who knows? As to my name, it is Herbert (or Hubert?) not Hubert (or Herbert?)"—again, whether purposely or not, his writing is so bad that he has left the lady in doubt.

.

The Pope lives in the Vatican;
He hasn't any wife
(He lives beside the Tiber).
I do not doubt that he's a man
Of very sober life
(Of highest moral fibre).

But folks that live in bungalows,
In cottages and flats
(Or often just in houses)
With wives and children that need clothes
And shoes and food and hats
(And sometimes coats and trousers)

Will listen to the Pope's decrees
Respectfully, and then
(For, after all, he's single)
Will go on living as they please
Among their fellow men
(With whom he does not mingle).

.

The ball went over the fence into an adjoining back yard. "Aw, gee," grumbled one of the players, "look where you threw it! An' that's a speakeasy, an' you have to have a card to get in!"

.

We started life with a joyous shout;
We now emit terrified squeals.
We thought to have the world at our feet;
We find it instead at our heels.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Perpetual Motion

THE island is so small that looked at as we look at the moon, for instance, it does not exist at all. And it is certain that to an ordinary bird flying over in the air it cannot appear larger than a ten cent piece.

But as far as that goes, there is no bird to fly over it at any time. For years ago the little spot was struck aghast by the fury of a tornado; and aghast it is to this day. The trees stand straight and destroyed without a leaf or branch to give them any expression. And the small houses are still bent above the ground, too old and broken ever to lift themselves again. As for the birds they were all blown away.

It is evident that when they saw it coming—the air which had been their substance, had lifted them to adventure and promised them an endless heaven—when they felt it wild and disordered, hard and merciless as rock, they sought protection where there was none. Without wings they would certainly have been safe, but they had never learned a way of holding to the ground, and so they whirled and were tossed as helpless as the leaves, far from the island, far out to sea. Before they could even fold their wings and sink into the water they had been drowned by their own air.

Birds have never found the island since that day. Since that great rushing and destruction of wings, no wing has ever traveled near it. Perhaps the branches do not reach high enough. Perhaps the island is too small for any bird to see.

But small and silent as it is the island has a life of its own.

"Catches folks imagination," says the waiter in the big hotel, and he makes a wild gesture with his arm. Imagination, says the gesture, is the air we breathe.

"It's a great thing," concludes the waiter sadly. "Imagination." It is plain that he is thinking of his own and that it is a torment to him.

If you should encourage him a little—"Well," he announces with sudden irony, "you think I am content to be a waiter all my life. No. No, I am not content." He stares out of the window for a moment, transfixed by what he sees behind his brain. He comes back to you slowly, searchingly. "I am an inventor," he tells you. "You are not surprised?" Seeing that you are not, he tries you further. "I have invented," he

tells you quietly, "a perpetual motion machine."

He gives you time to recover from this one, flicks a few crumbs from the table with his napkin, and frowns.

"They tell you—you can read it anywhere—how it cannot be done. Very well, I say. You can read anywhere how they cannot fly, and while you read men fly above your head. For everything we do there has been a book to say it is impossible. So—I am not discouraged. Some day I shall be rich. Then I shall live."

You think the man is right; or is he crazy? The cheapest word of any has always been "impossible." And now you see that he is looking at you with uncertainty and doubt.

"My machine," he says in a low voice, "is practically finished. There is a wheel that goes up—touches another wheel—and is sent down again. The only difficulty is—how to go up once more? Well, I shall find out. I am working on it. And when I shall be rich—then I shall live."

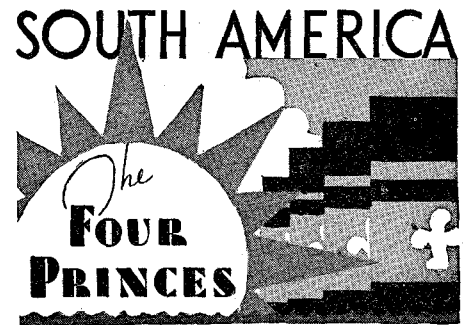
He turns at that and stares out through the window where he seems to see so much. When he turns back again his face is kind and cheerful.

"You know," he says in a genuine burst of friendliness, "I have a lot of time for thinking. I see a lot of people. And what I think is, most of them are queer. They get a lot of money, like the ones at this hotel, and they haven't got enough—enough imagination, most of them, to know what they want to do.

"You take a fellow right here on the island. Going on seventy, and he runs a store. Well, he was out to make money. And he made it. Half a million dollars now that's what he's worth. He never gave away a penny in his life. He never spent a cent he didn't have to. He never took a holiday only Sundays. Sundays he walks to town to buy a paper and if he can't make change he walks up to the store, unlocks it and gets out some pennies from the cash drawer. And week days there he sits. He can't stand up and wait on customers now he's old, so there he sits and looks them over, when they come in. And looks them over, when they go out."

The waiter forgets himself for a moment and leans upon the table. You can see his hand is trembling with intensity. "And what's he waiting for? Only to die!"

You look at him with wonder, in your turn. You are filled with a strange feel-



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ing for all men. Your heart beats pitifully and you remember, without meaning to, the birds.

But you must ask him: "What will you do then—when you are rich—when you have finished your machine?"

His face lights up. "I have always planned," he tells you shyly, "to buy a boat, and ride completely around the island."

Vengeance on the Redskin!

(Continued from Page 369)

was ready to act. The stage was set. But instead of attacking the deeper administrative problems, instead of attempting to relieve and emancipate the Indian, the "reform administrators" became puppets under the control of Bureau chiefs held over from the infamous régime of Albert Fall. Besides the one incontestible forward step in the appointment of Prof. W. Carson Ryan, Jr., as head of Indian education, there has been no vigorous reorganization of personnel. The abuses and wrongs, which fungated under Burke, are still being perpetrated by incompetent, unrelenting employees under the widely heralded "reform administration." For example, the sensational Klamath and Flathead abuses have been defended and intensified; the Genoa, Nebraska, boarding school scandal has not been criticized; the abuses of the Standing Rock, Yankton, Yakima, Sacramento, Winnebago, White Earth, La Pointe, and Blackfeet agencies have not been eradicated; the Menominee timber situation has not been altered, which is in open defiance of all expert investigations; the irrigation abuses have been definitely increased. In all, "a new record in the protection of abuses has been achieved." Rhoads and Scattergood have completely discarded Secretary Wilbur's plan for reorganizing the Bureau's Irrigation and Reclamation Service; in their contrariness to the reports of engineers and other experts they have plunged into a renewed extravagant, and to some extent unproductive, spending, which has already placed a debt of more than \$30,000,000 on Indian lands.

What is the solution? Is there a way out for Indians? The Indian problem is the white man. When sympathetic, intelligent administrators are placed in charge of the government's wards, three-quarters of the perplexities and so-called problems will automatically disappear. After the elementary correction of the personnel, there remains the question of the Bureau's policy and attitude, for the Indian has been made an alien in his own land. The only one hundred per cent Americans tell me that their spirits are so thoroughly subjugated that they are actually afraid to call their bodies their own.

Bigger and Barer than Ever

(Continued from Page 371)

giants, the humor must not be deep or involved, but must instead be broad and plainly labeled. Humor to these people

could not be sophisticated, merely raw. The pun in the guise of the double *entendre* is widely employed. Since ludicrous actions are more easily comprehended than verbal jests, the burlesque comedian must submit to considerable manhandling, and he soon acquires the technique of being knocked down or falling down painlessly.

Being simple souls, the burlesque addicts are appreciative and easily amused. Their risibilities and their heart strings are alike easily touched. When they hear the one about the farmer's daughter, they laugh. When the prima donna wails that a man is to blame for it all, they're sad. When the soubrette



This Week's Contributors

Robert Gessner was graduated from Michigan in 1929, later taking his M. A. at Columbia. He is now instructor in English at New York University and also the author of the recently published sensational book dealing with conditions amongst the Indians, *Massacre*.

William Preston Beazell was a member of the staff of The New York *World* for twenty years, and from 1920 to 1930 he was managing editor. He is also a member of the staff of the School of Journalism established at Columbia under the will of Joseph Pulitzer. Mr. Beazell is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Jerome Renitz is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and Fordham University Law School. Mr. Renitz is a member of the New York Bar, actively engaged in the practice of law in New York City and contributes frequently to the magazines.



chants "Get hot, baby," they brighten. When the comedian makes a physiological allusion or takes a fall, they roar. When the living models pose, they gaze in rapture. When the show is over they go home to their families.

The burlesque show avoids novelty as it would Dr. Sumner of the Vice Society. This, too, is due not so much to lack of ingenuity and material, but rather to a desire to please the customers. Burlesque regulars like their jokes to be ancient and doddering. Each time they hear the same familiar story, their guffaws become louder. They know the jokes by heart and know exactly when to laugh. Week in and week out, therefore, the same sure-fire wheezes are perpetrated and the same tried and true formulae are exercised.

Although the audience is predominantly male, it has its goodly quota of women. It must be reported that the

feminine adherents today seem to find greater zest in the performance than do their brethren. Off-color dialogue unfailingly draws a chorus of high-pitched laughter. Their boy friends hide blushes.

A queer sort of entertainment, this burlesque. Yet the difference between it and other forms of eye-and-ear entertainment is merely one of degree. Every girl-and-music show uses the same ingredients. So close is the kinship, in fact, that there has been a constant procession of burlesque performers into the ranks of vaudeville, revue, the drama, yea, and the movies. Of almost any successful comedian today it may be said, "He started in burlesque." Al Jolson, Bert Lahr, Will Rogers, Weber and Fields, Fred Stone, Clark and McCullough, Willie and Eugene Howard, Ted Lewis, Eddie Cantor, James Barton, Fannie Brice, Sophie Tucker, these and scores of others who have reached stardom are burlesque graduates. An excellent training school is burlesque.

Whatever may be said of burlesque, it is frankly what it is, and does not pretend to be otherwise. It is honest. It's no hypocrite. It does bring color and relief to vast hosts of people whose lives are all too heavily laden with monotony, and temporary forgetfulness to large numbers whose common lot is unhappiness. It affords escape to those who cannot find escape in other ways.

Death Comes to a Crusader

(Continued from Page 373)

paper than it had ever been, it maintained its understanding touch with its community, but it reached out beyond its old bounds. It was by all odds the best-written and the best-edited paper in New York.

Costs of production naturally rose under such conditions. They rose steadily, too, and in the counting room doubts began to rise with costs. In the end the unhappy decision was reached to make *The World* a three cent newspaper in a town where every other, save one, sold for two. A still unhappier decision was reached to let the change make its own arguments. Systematic advertising of the fact that *The World* was selling for three cents because it was *worth* three cents might well have turned the trick, but an utterly negligible amount of advertising of any kind was done and *The World* suffered sorely. As a matter of fact it never recovered, and when it went back to two cents it had become a follower, after a generation of unquestioned leadership. Among advertisers most of all its standing had been impaired, and in combination with the exploitation of the *Evening World* that

had been going on the impairment was of the utmost gravity.

With 1929 the Swope régime ended. Herbert Pulitzer had, meanwhile, taken over active charge of the *Evening World* and at meetings of the editorial council, if nowhere else, was having more and more to say about the morning edition. When Ralph E. Renaud took over in the place of Mr. Swope another complete change in the character of *The World* was called for. No longer was it to make its appeal as a newspaper of selection rather than a newspaper of record; it was to attempt competition with the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* on their terms, not its own. It was to attempt, in other words, to offer for



Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in The Outlook of March 7, 1931

The Hon. Hollyer Thantow, U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in a syndicated interview last week, deplored the "inconsiderate manner in which the British Government has dealt with India during the past hundred years."

The Lewisohn Foundation for the Abolition of Force in Dealing with Delinquents, at a banquet Monday, celebrated the tenth anniversary of the demolition of the last walled prison in the United States.

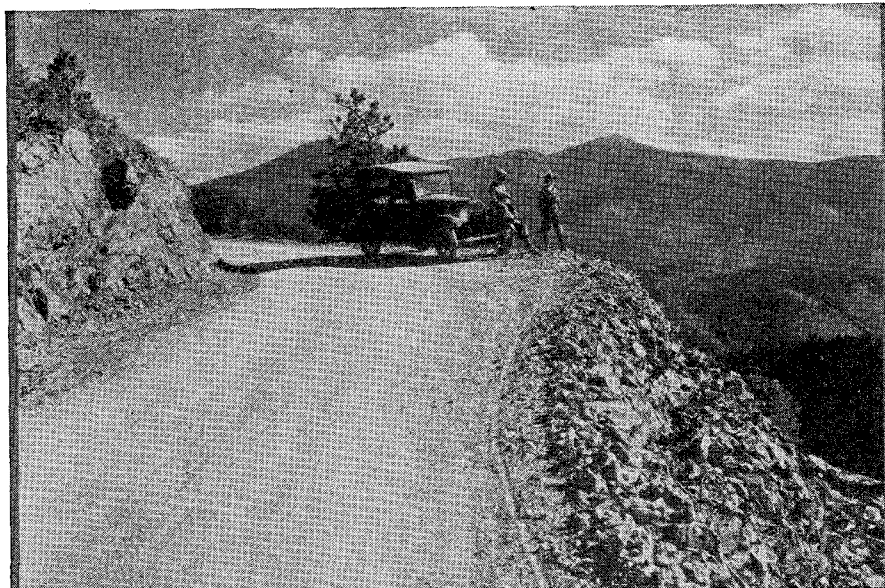
President Jones of the City Planners Society attributed the congestion of our cities largely to the invention perfected in 1845, of the Patoff vertical take-off method for airplanes.



two cents the same kind of news that the *Times* was offering, at the same price, in quantities greater by fifty to seventy-five per cent, and that the *Herald Tribune* was offering in quantities greater by thirty-five to fifty per cent.

The thing could not be done, of course, but it is by no means the least of the tributes to *The World's* appeal that it did so well. If even a moiety of the faith of its readers had been held by its advertisers *The World* would have come through. But they did not have that faith, and when the amazing economies of 1930 became matters of common knowledge it was inevitable that faith should be grievously undermined. To cut twenty per cent off the running expenses of a daily newspaper is not alone a major operation but one from which the patient has about one chance in twenty of surviving.

The final factor of uncertainty came



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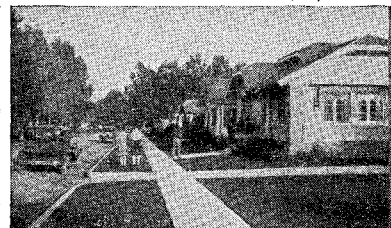
You will read of vast playgrounds where every outdoor sport abounds, of natural resources that absolutely stagger the imagination, of fine cities and fine countrysides, of schools and colleges second to none, of the delightful living advantages enjoyed by "Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Citizen," of the reasons why this finer living is peculiar to Colorado.

You will learn fascinating facts about "sunshine and vitamins," about the marvels worked by natural ultra-violet rays, cold nights and mineral soil in those hardier, more luscious Colorado fruits and vegetables so eagerly sought in your own home markets.

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EXECUTIVE or Social secretary. Cultured woman having diversified experience. Highest references. 9634 Outlook and Independent.

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GRADUATE NURSE. Protestant, 25, desires Institutional position. Special training in pediatrics. Excellent references. 9638 Outlook and Independent.

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YOUNG LADY, University graduate and teacher, desires position as tutor, companion or private secretary. References. 9643 Outlook and Independent.

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JUST-A-HOME for tiny tots. Excellent care while parents travel. Protestant. Flora Whitford. 942 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.

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PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Rattle" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.
GENUINE VERMONT MAPLE SUGAR—Ten pound can, \$3.50. Gallon syrup, \$2.50. Postage extra. 24 sugar cakes, \$1.00 prepaid. \$15.00 orders 10% discount. Order now. April shipment. CARL GRAY, Fairfax, Va.

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Outlook Classified Advertising Dept.

with the knowledge that not only was *The World* for sale but that systematic search for purchasers was on. "Continuity of medium" is of vital necessity to the advertiser, and that was unmistakably one thing *The World* could not offer. A sale became inevitable—as the trustees saw their situation.

There followed the extraordinary spectacle of the trustees saying to the court:

"Our father's will permits us to sell the *Post Dispatch*. It is making money; we cannot sell.

"Our father's will enjoined us to preserve, perfect and perpetuate *The World*. It is losing money; we cannot

continue it."

The Pulitzer newspapers were left in trust, it must be remembered. The profits that accrued, whether in New York or in St. Louis, were to be paid into the trust for distribution under terms laid down under the will. The *Post Dispatch* is one of the great newspaper money-makers of the country. Last year profits in excess of \$1,500,000 were made by it, there is reason to believe. Even if the three *Worlds* did lose the \$1,600,000 the trustees testified to, there was a deficit of only \$100,000 for the trust and it was the first deficit the trust has shown.

So now *The World* is gone. A faint

shadow of it falls upon the *Telegram*, but only a shadow. The most important consequence of the tragedy is that another morning newspaper has been taken from the New York field. Mr. Howard may find that he has made a good bargain for the *Telegram*, but it will prove a far better bargain, at its best terms, for Mr. Ochs of the *Times* and Mr. Reid of the *Herald Tribune*, than for Mr. Howard. It is not strange that the gossip of the street asks how much of the purchase price was put up by Mr. Ochs and Mr. Reid.

The World is gone. It was not a dead hand that removed it, it was living hands.

To the Editor:

Vergennes, Vt.

SIR—You are very severe in your editorial, "More Pie for the Veterans." You speak of the "most grandiose grab they have ever thought of." But I would like to ask you this question: Are you sure that, in the present situation, the veterans are fairly represented?

You refer, it is true, to the failure of the American Legion at Boston to approve immediate cash retirement of adjusted compensation certificates. But the particulars of that "failure" are worth noting. I quote from the *American Legion Monthly*, our official publication, November issue, page 29 of the account of the National Convention in October:—

"There was a debate also on a proposal for the immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates, a proposal which had been indorsed by several departments. The proposal, in the form of a minority report, was voted down after John R. Quinn of California, who was National Commander in the year the adjusted compensation law was enacted, spoke against it. The roll call vote was 967 to 244."

The original adjusted compensation act commanded the respect and support of by far the greater part of the Legion. By this act the soldier was granted \$1.00 per day for home service and \$1.25 per day for foreign service. This was a modest estimate of the difference between the pittance the soldier received and the average wage of the unskilled laborer who stayed at home. The claim amounted to about \$600 for those who served for the greater part of the duration of the war. The government settled with us on the basis of our own demands, but turned the \$600 into a paid-up insurance policy due twenty years later. The face value of the policy, about \$1,500, never for a moment represented the claim the soldier had made on the government. It represented his claim plus the accumulation of twenty years' compound interest.

When a soldier asserts he has a legitimate claim on the government at this time or at any time short of maturity, for the face value of his certificate, he is exhibiting either ignorance or greed as the case may be.

Despite your evident alarm, I cannot believe there is the remotest possibility that the government will cash our certificates at this time. I recall that with the country prosperous, with the Legion squarely behind the proposition, and with an excellent argument, even then it took five years to make Andrew Mellon loosen the purse strings and allow our claim of \$600. What chance have the hot heads of prying more than double that amount out of the Treasury when the country is suffering a serious business depression, when the Legion itself just four months ago voted 967 to 244 against the proposition, and when any attempt at argument immediately reveals itself as an exhibition of greed and ignorance.

WOODBURN HARRIS.

To the Editor:

New Haven

SIR—I have read with very keen interest your editorial for February 11, "More Pie for the Veterans."

En route to France in 1917 I contracted amoebic dysentery from the Oriental crew of the transport, which left me with a ten year or more disability, and for which I received a total compensation of \$296. My bonus for war service amounts to a paid up government insurance policy of about \$1,300.

Being now fairly well over my own disability I can say without bringing discredit to myself that a country need never fear doing too much for its disabled veterans. The war is not over for the disabled soldier until he has fully regained his health. But the able-bodied veteran. What of him? Demanding compensation for a disabled buddy is one thing; demanding a reward for one's self is another. I took the insurance bonus because I was sure that my country intended to give more than a \$296 compensation for ten years of disability. But I cannot endorse the present action of the American Legion in Washington. The idealism in fighting for the just due of a disabled buddy falls into the mire of robbery when a hero-veteran holds up a government for his own reward.

I joined the American Legion shortly after the war, but I dropped my membership as soon as I realized the Legion's unworthy purposes. If the

disabled are now well taken care of, let this tightly organized body of ex-soldiers continue its idealism in causes worthy of unselfish interest. Where does the Legion stand on prohibition? On the League of Nations? On the possibilities of European and world wars of the near future? Possibly the boys who wore the uniform in 1918 are unable to agree on these questions. If that is true, and if there is no better cause they can agree on than to bleed the country, then let the American Legion stick to a social program of Saturday night dances or disband completely.

FRANCIS C. URIDGE.

To the Editor:

Buffalo

SIR—I wish to thank you for the splendid article on astrology and Miss Evangeline Adams in last week's issue. As an astrologer of thirty years' standing, it is a relief and inspiration to see your great journal give due credit to a talented lady whom all of us respect and admire.

It is amazing that in this century, so many dailies and monthly publications reject notices of competent astrologers, while they readily accept those of swindling stocks and patent medicines. Astrology, as Miss Talmey well says, is four thousand years old, its symbols are in the Pyramids, it points to the names of Ptolemy and Plato and Bacon and Kepler and Locke and Emerson, who said "astrology is true and divine." Yet through the bigotry and hostility of narrow scientists and ecclesiastics, it has suffered reproach and often persecution. But it is confirmed by many Bible passages and both Melancthon and Luther confessed its reliability. In the far east it has held sway for centuries and no marriage is arranged in China before consulting the astrologer. Goethe and Schiller and Byron and Whittier paid it poetic tributes. We have real and careful treatises as exact as medical men. No scientist dares call the great Kepler a soothsayer. The OUTLOOK by its liberal spirit and Miss Adams by her commanding fame, are helping the revival of a science that commanded the respect of Henry Ward Beecher.

F. HYATT SMITH, PH.D.

To the Editor:

New York City

SIR—The low thing about your article on a public humbug, Evangeline Adams, is that the writer and the editors know that horoscopy and astrology are bogus sciences, and that, particularly, the writer tried to get out of it by presenting the Adams woman as a "wise woman." But her "wisdom" lies in using an exploded science to gull the gullible and this kind of wisdom is viewed usually as the lowest kind of cunning and morally and ethically beneath contempt. Why, since you pretend to tell the truth as to how Miss Adams bamboozles the public, do you not tell the truth about the humbug of astrology? Has the OUTLOOK sunk to the level of the tabloids? Have you no honesty left? Are you ignorant of all modern science? Or is it just a catering to the lower intelligences who may be lured to buy your "periodical of enlightenment"?

JOHN R. MCPHERSON.

To the Editor:

New York City

SIR—The current OUTLOOK carries an article entitled, "Ladies and Super-ladies," which I have read with more avidity than pleasure.

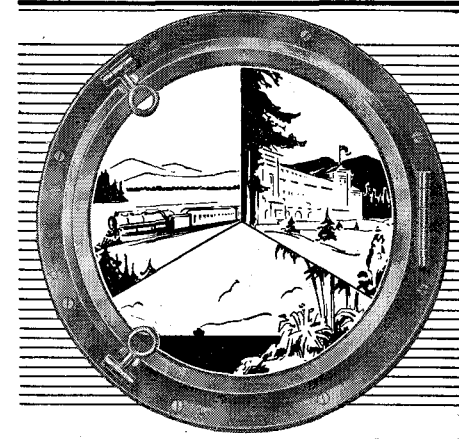
It is strangely reminiscent of the out-of-date comic valentine. An "out-of-date" anything should be keenly repugnant to Jerry Maxwell, its author, who is probably a woman. I can see her figuring, how "chic" it is to twist the fine old Geraldine, or was it Maud, into the devil-may-care, masculine Jerry.

If it is her purpose to be cross with "Super-ladies," she has failed in the main, and built up a woman who more than combats the smart rudeness of the present crop of ladies.

There is a sort of season of manners to be found in the (born to it) group that changes year after year. Who knows, next year, we may find that graciousness is the fashion and the lady, covered with mortification, has mistaken a super-lady for the genuine article. Heaven save us this.

I've enjoyed my bad temper I'm sure, as much as did the oracular Jerry. I hope she's pretty.

C. C. BEALL.



Toward Northern Europe an increasing number of travelers turn in their search for lands of novelty, charm, variety. Scandinavia offers much to those who seek her across the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans and the North and Baltic Seas. In Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Iceland there is a wealth of Scandinavian mythology, literature, music, and fairy tales, to arouse interest and prepare the visitors for the new scenes about to be visited. Regular services the year round and cruises, starting both from America and Europe, are prepared to introduce new pleasure seekers to Scandinavia. For details regarding the above or any other trip you are planning, write Mrs. Kirkland director of the Outlook Travel Bureau.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

TRAVEL CAN BE A GLORIOUS PLAYTIME OR JUST A CHANGE IN PETTY TASKS..



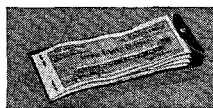
Which will be your experience this summer? A joyous, carefree trip abroad with all your time your own or a journey hampered by standing in line for hotel accommodations, and waiting for tickets or information?

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